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new masses

JEWS IN THE NEW POLAND

A Report from Warsaw

by MARTIN T. BROWN

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE ENEMIES

by J. C. Higginbotham

THE WORLD OF LANGLEY COLLYER

by Howard Fast

APRIL 22, 1947 VOL. LXIII NUMBER FOUR 15¢ IN CANADA 20¢

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Pass the Ammunition

I PUBLISHED a short story in NEW MASSES a number of months ago. It was my second published story and was called: "The Man Who Didn't Know How to Make Money." This story could have appeared in no other magazine.

When I learned that NM was facing suspension because of lack of funds, one of my thoughts was: How lucky I was to get my story published before the magazine folded!

And then of course: But what about all those (myself included) young working-class writers who in all the Luce-fattened, corrupted land will find no market for their tales if NEW MASSES goes under? What's to become of them? Will they stop writing—or sell to the highest bidder?

And this is important to you.

Who is to tell you how the people fare in the mines and the mills and the fields—who is to delineate for you the faces and hearts of those heroic men and women of our land against whose courage fascism is bound to break? Who is to tell you about our wonderful working class and its inexhaustible fund of heroes and warriors if NEW MASSES does not publish?

Won't you feel, as I would certainly feel, that one rampart has fallen? That the enemy approaches our inner defense?

We are facing a time in which our working class and its allies will be supremely tested. The features of the world to come will depend on whether we fall or whether we rise. For those writers who were born and bred on oppression and suffering, there is but one gigantic task: to show to all how great our people are, and how indestructible they are! *To show that there exists only one struggle, one future: the struggle for democracy, the future of socialism.*

We working-class writers are not luxuries, we are necessities. We don't write merely to amuse, but to stir, to arouse, to fight!

But to fight we must have a medium through which we can reach you and others. We write—we must be published. Quite literally your contribution is ammunition. Give NM the dollars and we'll give you the stories you'll be proud to know you helped forge!

Phil Bonosky.

PHILLIP BONOSKY.

During the past week NM's fund drive has dipped dangerously: only $745 was received, making the total to date $11,236. Phillip Bonosky speaks for many young American writers to whom NEW MASSES is home. What will your answer be?

(New York readers: see you at Webster Hall, April 28. Turn to ad on page 30.)

Here's my contribution to NM's fund drive . . .

To NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

$.....is enclosed as my initial contribution.

IN ADDITION, I want to pledge $.....so that NM can fully cover its planned budget. (Please indicate date or dates of your pledged donations.)

Pledge Date(s) .....

Name .....

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JEWS IN THE NEW POLAND

"Hitler said that not a single Jew would remain . . . Well, here we are!"
A first-hand report on how they are building a democratic society.

By MARTIN T. BROWN

This week, April 19, marks the fourth anniversary of the uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto. As long as man has memory, etched upon it will be this heroic, noble battle against the Hitler beast. According to plan, on the first Seder night of Passover some 50,000 Jews gripped their bottles of gasoline, their smuggled guns, loose stones — everything that could be hurled at the Ueber-Mensch *— and struck back. Every house became a bristling fortress. The children served. Old men and women found renewed strength. Five hundred Jews in German uniforms stormed the Pawiak prison, emptied it of its prisoners. Suicide squads of Jews crawled under Nazi tanks and with hand grenades blew them to smithereens. For forty-two days they fought on until only one house remained in the center of the Ghetto. Eight hours later the Nazis wiped this house away. Thus ended a flaming chapter in the history of an oppressed people.*

The article below tells something of the new life Jews are building in the new Poland. Out of the Warsaw Ghetto struggle has come a greater knowledge of their strength as a united people. When they blasted the Nazis they blasted too the Polish landlord and a ruling class that lived by anti-Semitism. These Jews have won for themselves an eternal glory just as they are winning a future in Poland without debasement of human life and human values.

Warsaw (by mail).

LUCJAN GURMAN, a Polish Jew in his early twenties, summed up the feelings of most of the Jews with whom I spoke in what was formerly German Lower Silesia. He told me simply and quietly: "I am going to remain in Poland. I don't want to go elsewhere. This is my home. Now, for the first time, I have the opportunity as a Jew and a Pole to live and work in a democratic country."

His decision was not made on the spur of the moment. Behind it is the story of one of the outstanding and dramatic accomplishments of democratic Poland. Offhand, one might think that Lucjan Gurman would have no desire to remain in Poland. He lived through the horrible pre-war years of anti-Jewish terror. He lived through the Nazi occupation. He participated in the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising in 1943 and with his own eyes saw every member of his family killed. He spent years at forced labor and in German concentration camps.

Lucjan Gurman had the chance to leave all of this behind when he was liberated by the American Seventh Army at Frankfurt. He served as a volunteer with that army after his liberation. But he returned to Poland. And there he saw the heaps of rubble that had been the Warsaw Ghetto where he and 350,000 other Polish Jews once lived. He saw the rest of the indescribably devastated city of Warsaw which now has but 6,000 Jews. And he lived in Poland during the fascist pogrom which broke out last year in Kielce.

But for Gurman and for the thousands of other Polish Jews now settled in Poland's recovered territories in the west the new Poland is not Kielce. The new Poland provides full and complete opportunity for Polish Jews to live and work alongside other Polish citizens. It enables them to be equals in the national community, while at the same time retaining their language and culture. It is the country where they, as other nationals, are shoemakers, tailors, textile workers, coal miners and farmers and not just small shopkeepers. It is the nation where Lucjan Gurman can study, as he is doing now, to become a radio technician. And it is the nation where the backlog of fear and oppression is being dissipated through the long-range, clear thinking program of the government.

The broad outlines of this program are well known, and therefore I shall not dwell upon them. I shall report instead my impressions gathered from a week's tour through former German Lower Silesia, in the course of which I spoke with scores of Polish Jews resettled in this great industrial area. But first a few general observations and some figures.

Before the war there were 3,500,000 Jews in Poland. Although exact figures are hard to secure, today it can be said that there are between 120,000 and 130,000. About 200,000 Polish Jews returned from the Soviet Union and approximately 70,000 were living either in Germany or in Poland. Thus, about half of the Jews who were in Poland at some time since the end of the war have migrated. The reasons

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for this migration are not hard to find. Many left in the hope of getting into Palestine, among them many Zionists. Others left because their memories of horror could not allow them to stay. For still others it was an open question as to whether the new government could prevent anti-Semitic outbursts and they did not wish to be around to see for themselves.

But from all indications, many will remain. They will remain because, in addition to the changes which have taken place in Poland, they now feel that they have the basis for stable living. For eighteen months they have lived and worked in the recovered territories and have seen that they can make a go of it. Migration is hard and the problem confronting the would-be emigrant is a simple one: where to go?

THE Jews of Poland are scattered in many parts of the country. The main areas of concentration are in Lodz, one of Poland's most important industrial cities, and in Lower Silesia and in the area of Szczecin (Stettin) in the recovered western lands. Perhaps as much as sixty percent of the Polish Jews are now located in what was formerly German territory. All but 450,000 Germans have already been expelled from these territories and more than 4,500,000 Poles have been settled there.

Jewish affairs in Poland are worked out with the full cooperation of the Jewish Committee, composed of representatives from every walk of life and ranging from Zionists, Poale Zionists and Left Poale Zionists to the Jewish Socialist Bund, the Polish Socialist Party (PPS) and the Polish Workers Party (PPR). The Jewish Committee has evolved a common program, and all of its constituent groups follow this program. The committee exists in regional and district form.

In Rychbach, or Reichenbach as it was called by the Germans, I visited the ORT center, where Polish Jews are studying subjects ranging from agriculture to radio technical courses. The courses are financed by the Jewish Committee and the government, and some 230 persons are now taking part in them. There are also evening classes in tailoring. The age of the students varies from eighteen to forty-five. Among the agricultural students are many demobilized soldiers who received ten hectares (twenty-five acres) of land in the recovered territories.

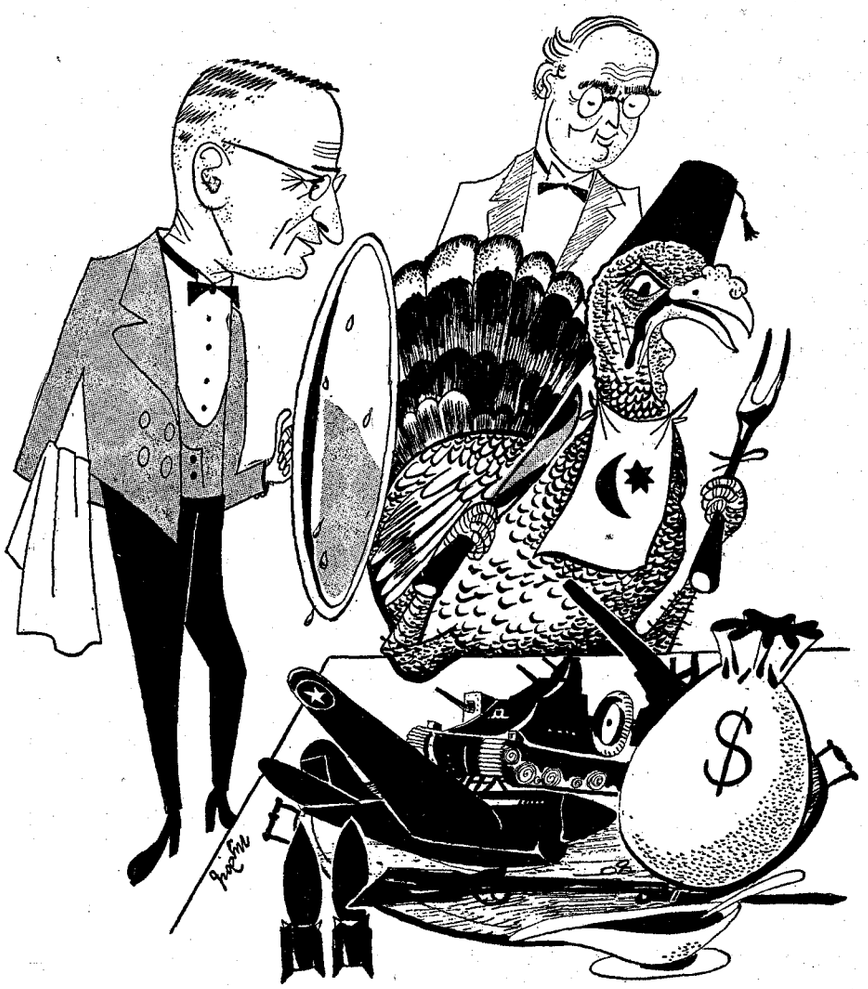
Rychbach also boasts the largest shoemaking cooperative in Poland. Started by Hirsch Karasek, a forty-two-year-old repatriate from the Soviet Union, the cooperative now employs some sixty people. None of them were shoemakers before the war. The cooperative produces from twenty-five to thirty pairs of shoes daily, all based upon the workers' own designs. Last year they declared a dividend of 500,000 zlotys. This now thriving enterprise, albeit a small one, was started by Karasek when he sold his own shoes in order to buy the necessary materials.

Walking through the small factory with Jewish Vice-Mayor Wasserman, I asked the cooperators why they returned to Poland. The answer was largely the same: "You can't run around all over the world. You have to make democracy where you are."

Before coming to Lower Silesia I had heard rumors that Polish Jewish refugees had been mistreated in the Soviet Union, that they were sent to Siberia, that they were forced to chop wood, etc. Since all of the cooperators had been in the Soviet Union, I asked them about it. One of them smilingly put it this way: "Those Polish Jews who went to the Soviet Union with the feeling that they would have to do nothing are the ones who are critical. But those, friend and foe alike, who appreciated the fact that one had to work in the Soviet Union too, and that there was a war on, got along well."

The shoe cooperative's organizer, Karasek, who, by the way, could not write out his own name for me, is a Communist. He told me proudly that he had spent three years in pre-war Polish concentration camps. But he was all smiles, even as he talked of his own difficult past. "It was nothing," he said. "Come meet the head of the tailoring cooperative. He spent eight years in Polish fascist jails."

Walking through Rychbach's main square with the head of the tailoring cooperative, I asked him how it felt to



Turkey Dinner.

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be in a former German town and to be speaking Yiddish. His sad eyes smiling, he replied: "You know, it's the justice of history. Hitler said that not a single Jew would remain in Lower Silesia. Well, here we are!"

The tailoring cooperative is made up of 100 workers, who make coats and shirts. Why, I asked, had they returned to Poland? Some said it was to look for family and friends. And one of them put it this way: "Fascism was destroyed and after all Poland is my home." Another added: "Present-day Poland gives to us what we have been fighting for all of our lives. It is a Poland of workers and peasants." Still others felt it was necessary to come back to find out whether what had been said about the fate of the Jews in Poland was true. It was hard to believe, they all agreed. But all felt strongly that the new Poland has given them every opportunity to live as human beings—and for the first time.

SOME ten kilometers outside Rychbach I walked around the farm of one of the eighty-seven Polish Jews in the area who have now become farmers. The farmer, a short man, thirtyish, energetic, tough and strong, cooed sweetly to his pigs and sows. Inside his farmhouse, taken over from the Germans, I met his wife who had spent four years in the woods, and their recently born son, Abraham. They had come, they said, to what was really a promised land. We sat talking for more than an hour about farm problems. Things were going good, the farmer said, as we sipped cups of his own sweet cream. His story was not novel: he had been evacuated to the Soviet Union and then fought all the way back to Berlin with the Red Army. He proudly displayed his citation and record. And he was happy and enthusiastic about being a farmer.

In the coal center of Walbrzych I heard much about the famous Chaim Lang, a Jewish coal miner who produced three times his set norm of coal. And it was almost an accepted fact in the area that Jews too could be coal miners.

But it was in Wroclaw, the former large German city of Breslau, that I could see most clearly how completely Jewish life is becoming stabilized. As in other cities, political, theater and other announcements are in both Yiddish and Polish and the two languages are used interchangeably by the Jews. It was a Sunday night and the local Jewish Committee was giving a banquet in honor of the Polish Jewish actress Ida Kaminska, who the day before had played to a packed house of 1,500 in the largest theater of Wroclaw—a thriving community despite the fact that sixty-five percent of the city was destroyed during the war.

In the well-lit banquet room banners in Yiddish proclaimed: "Long live the world Jewish culture, literature and language!" "Long live the creative peoples of Lower Silesia!" "Long live the Polish government of national unity!"

Sharply pointed speeches in Yiddish praised the government's policy toward the Jews and explained how Yiddish culture is being fostered in Poland today. Most of these Jews had returned to Poland from the Soviet Union. While they were a small group in comparison with Poland's pre-war Jewish population, they all spoke with great hope and strength. The 300 participants were addressed by the head of the Polish theater in Wroclaw who, speaking in Polish, declared that the purpose of the Polish theater is to fight for democracy and in this both the Polish and Yiddish theaters can find the basis for close cooperation.

I asked Jacob Egit, Jewish Committee chairman for Lower Silesia and chairman of the dinner, how it all started and how things were going. "Today," he replied proudly, "there are over 400 Jewish institutions in Lower Silesia. But not all Jews outside of Poland can understand what is happening in Poland now. Not all of them want to."

Egit spoke of Lower Silesia's 15,000 Jewish workers. They are employed in all industries, he said. More than 500 Jews and their families are on the land. "For the first time," he said, "Jews are building a real life, a new life. When our chains are untied, when we are given opportunities, we can, as we have shown, make great contributions to Poland."

IT WOULD be a mistake to say that the Jews' problems in Poland have been solved, that all fear has been driven out, that anti-Semitism no longer exists in any form. But there is little question that many Polish Jews have, with the aid of their government, given their answer to anti-Semitism by remaining in Poland and playing their part in the building of a new democratic society.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: New York Telephone Company full-page ad claims "there is no excuse for the telephone strike."

Telephone people are well paid—the average weekly wage of AT&T presidents, vice-presidents and public relations consultants compares favorably with any other monopoly. Wage rates for telephone workers have increased 51 percent in the last six years to a point where they now exceed pay scales for Chinese coolies, prison inmates and sidewalk superintendents.

An operator starts at a minimum of $28 a week and after twenty short years she earns $44 a week and is awarded the honorary title of Big Time Operator. These operators, like all other employes, are given the opportunity to earn twice their regular salaries by merely putting in eight or nine hours a day overtime.

All operators receive four wage increases during the first twelve months. In just a year's time most of them are able to afford *two* meals a day. In addition, they have free access to time and weather information.

Telephone company employes receive eleven holidays with pay and many are even given Sundays off. Sick benefits are liberal—any employe can get as sick as he likes.

Working conditions are generally excellent. Rest rooms are provided in every building and workers are free to look at them while staggering to and from their jobs.

It hasn't been announced yet but this year the corporation is also considering a bonus for its workers. All employes with more than three years of service will receive a free copy of the 1945 telephone book.

The New York Telephone Company is very proud of its generous pension plan. Any worker who, after several decades of faithful service, becomes too weak to lift a telephone, is eligible for a pension of approximately $12 a week. This is considered more than enough to house, clothe and feed a person in any municipal poorhouse. *The union's demand for a general wage increase of thirty cents an hour will mean higher telephone bills. As for the profits that AT&T makes every year*—I'm sorry, but we do not give out that information.

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The WORLD of LANGLEY COLLYER

by HOWARD FAST

So Langley Collyer is dead, and all over this mighty nation, this nation of nations, this Queen of the Western World, people will be able to sleep a little better, a little less perplexedly for knowing that what the rats had left is being decently buried.

The Far Eastern coolie of today, as well as the historian of tomorrow, might, however, express a note of bewilderment. The coolie, for instance, considers the day fortunate which includes a tolerable bowl of rice. As often as not, he goes without it, and when the great hunger stalks through his land—whether his land be India, China or elsewhere—striking down the thousands and the millions too, when the belly pinches and the ribs show like the strings of a harp, he will perhaps, in his fevered dreams, call up a picture of the colossus of colossi, *the land where no one wants for anything* evenwashingmachines.

Doubtless, though, Langley Collyer would puzzle this representative of the lesser and darker races.

"Who killed Langley Collyer?" he might ask.

"Property killed him."

It would surprise you how readily even the lower orders grasp philosophical concepts, but I'm sure our coolie's brows would knit in desperation when you went on to explain that the answer was literal, not figurative.

"Property fell on him and squashed him like a bug. He was crawling among the property, and it got him. If he didn't die at once, he very likely starved to death. And it could be that the rats began to eat him even while he remained conscious."

Our coolie knows about rats, and with tears of sympathy welling into his eyes, he might very well say, "The poor man—the poor, poor man!"

"Not at all. Hardly poor. In property and cash, he and his brother were worth well over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"How many *pice is* that?" our coolie asks, being an ignorant man, of course, and able to think of money only in terms of his own native coin.

"Oh—about forty-five million *pice*. But neither he nor his brother could spend it. They lived as a coolie lives—even worse, perhaps. They never saw the sunlight or heard the sweet laughter of children. Their house was like a cave, and they trembled there. Fear was the dominant note of their lives—terrible, terrible fear that never left them. They feared starvation, insecurity, poverty; they feared their own kind; they feared the whole world. . . ."

Let us leave the coolie who considers himself fortunate when his rice bowl is full. What else could be said to him, or to a coal miner, or to a packinghouse worker, or to a turret lathe operator, other than: "Verily, and this man was as wealthy as a king, yet it availed him not."

Easier, I think, to deal with the historian of tomorrow, a half-century or a century from now, who brings that fine, detached perspective to bear. He too writes of that queen of nations who says to other nations, "You shall be free or slave as it pleases me." But he sits on the easy height of time, where puzzles have been unraveled and he can recall:

During 1947, when the American Doctrine was laid out by Harry Truman, when people trembled at the thought of atomic war, when the Thomas-Rankin Un-American Committee became the modern inquisition, two brothers died in a house in Harlem and the American people damn near forgot everything else, and every time they opened their papers it was to get the latest on Langley Collyer, so much so that even Leo Durocher was pushed off page one.

"Now that is something I have to understand," our historian says, "because in that particular country at that particular time, you could have anything, evenawashingmachine."

So he riddles himself the curious case of Collyer, and because he has the world perspective—even as you and I have today when we consider the age of Napoleon—he draws some interesting conclusions. He starts with the specific:

1. The Collyer brothers, wealthy, entitled to the generous relaxation of old age.

2. They do not spend their wealth, except for the bare necessities of subsistence.

3. They live in an ancient house in a poor section of the city. All beyond the walls of their house threatens them.

4. They are the inheritors, the rentiers, the apex, the culmination of the economic system which produced them and their civilization, yet it destroys them. Of all civilizations, theirs put the highest premium on security, yet made it most difficult to attain. In a sense, they are the stereotype of their fellow man; deep in their hearts, they know there is no security in what they have.

5. But they barricade themselves with possessions, tons and tons of possessions, yet it avails them not. And at last the possessions fall on Langley Collyer and squash him like a bug.

So, our historian—who is also a philosopher—puts one and two and three and also four and five together, and he tries to find in the bedlam both reason and definition. He rereads the Truman Doctrine, and he becomes most thoughtful, for was not that the nation where you could have anything evenawashingmachine, the wealthiest of the wealthy? Was it not entitled to the generous fulfilment of its long nurtured dreams? Was it not the most secure yet the most frightened?

"But thank God," our historian sighs, "that there were people in twentieth century America, as well as Langley Collyers." Yet he could not cleanse from his nostrils the dry stink of fear and terror that his excursion into the past and into a house in Harlem had evoked.

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SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE ENEMIES

One of America's greatest jazz musicians swings out with a blast against anti-Negro calumnies.

By J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM

(As told to ETHEL KLEIN)

DURING the twenty years or more that I have been in the field of jazz, I have made many friends among musicians and listeners. For this is the one place where social barriers have been eliminated—to a large degree, at least. This is true because the personal quality of jazz makes it impossible to divorce a musician from his music. You cannot dislike him if you like what he is playing, since what he plays is literally what he *is*, what he thinks, his own personal adjustment to the world around him. We therefore find many good people, with varying degrees of awareness, fighting hand in hand with us, liking our music and becoming our friends and allies in the fight for equality. In deference to them and their efforts, I feel impelled to point out some serious fallacies in the thinking of a small group among those who call themselves our friends. They are well-meaning, but ill-advised, and often quite conspicuous and blatant despite their small numbers.

I am speaking of the people whose attitude, if not their actual words, seems to say, "Look how liberal I am!" and who proceed to prove it by getting drunk with us or asking us to share a stick of marijuana with them. But we soon learn that they rarely want normal, "respectable" relationships with us. Theoretically, at least, they are farther advanced socially than the ones who begin with, "Some of my best friends are Negroes," or, "I don't have any prejudice, but—." My feeling, however, is that less constructive action will, in the long run, come from them than from the latter, who at least have made a kind of beginning toward actual equality on a normal level, and who show lack of education and experience, rather than lack of wholesome, sincere effort.

Strangely enough, those who "knock themselves out" being liberal toward Negroes almost invariably fight prejudice with prejudice, revealing anti-Semitic, anti-Irish, anti-Italian, anti-some-minority-or-other feelings at the same time that they profess their love for Negroes—and, incredible though it may seem, they are themselves often of minority groups.

Or, if they do not show active prejudice, they at least indulge in the racial and religious generalities which foster the segregation of groups. I am often sickened when, for instance, someone who loudly declares his devotion to me suddenly says, "But those Jews—they're so aggressive"—or, in reverse, "I love Negroes, because they're so good-natured." Why don't they fight against racial generalities, rather than perpetuate them?

I wonder why these people frequent Negro neighborhoods and the clubs we play in. Why do so many seem to be looking only for drinking partners? I am sure that many of them are really not looking for Negro friends so much as they are looking for an atmosphere of irresponsibility, without discipline or moral restriction. They could find it by themselves, but they feel that it is easier to lose their identity among Negroes. In other words, they actually share the common belief that all Negroes are shiftless, immoral, irresponsible people. Actually, this represents an acceptance of the segregation of Negroes rather than a struggle against it—a generalization of the whole from a small part of their own casual and undiscriminating choice. On this basis the composite picture cannot possibly be a pretty one—and certainly not an accurate one. It is quite likely that for some their professed love for Negroes is a psychopathic reflex, based actually on a deep-seated hatred of them (usually unconscious, no doubt), plus a reluctance to justify their own existence as human beings. But, unfortunately, their acquaintance with Negroes gives them a great deal of authority among their white friends, which is decidedly dangerous.

ONE of the best examples of what I mean, although a highly exaggerated one, can be found in *Really the Blues*, the autobiography of clarinet-player Milton Mezzrow, who is guilty of all the things I am complaining of. He has gone so far as to declare himself officially a Negro, in a kind of defiant exhibitionism, and has submerged himself in Harlem life, writing with great authority as a white man who knows Negroes and is "accepted" by them. But how come, through all the pages of his book, there is never a mention of a Negro who is not a dope addict or peddler, a pimp, or a wastrel? Why are all his asso-

Soriano.

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ciations with Negroes connected with jail, dope and complete social irresponsibility? Don't we suffer enough of this kind of calumny from the enemy? Do we have to take it from our "friends" too?

Mezzrow and many others who have written about jazz have created certain other legends which are equally misleading and insulting. It is high time the whole subject was clarified.

First, it has been stated too often, and too emphatically, that white men cannot play jazz because they do not "dig the Negro." I have been around the music game for a long while, and I think most of the boys will agree with me that they have felt pretty much at home with men like, for instance, Benny Goodman, Bix Beiderbecke, Pee Wee Russell, Red Norvo, Bunny Berigan and many others. If some of us diehards are not crazy about Dixieland music, that feeling derives from the music itself and not from the complexion of the men who play it. Certainly, just as many of us resent the so-called "modernists" who make a religion of be-bop—and few of these are white musicians. It is a question, again, not of race but of music and the individuals who create it.

Let us say that some men make better music than others—that some have remained honest and others have turned phony—that some have stuck close to the true earthiness of the first blues, and others have over-commercialized whatever talents and feelings they have. Some have honestly tried to bring about progress—have recognized that art is not static, but must move with the times and with changing conditions. Let us recognize that some may have, as a result, been led astray by new fads which have little or no fundamental basis, while others have developed new kinds of thinking, progressive and good, evolved out of old emotions and patterns. But let us not generalize in matters of race. Let us not fight white supremacy with "black supremacy," in music or elsewhere, or we will all lose.

And above all, let us, once and for all, put an end to the common belief that music and marijuana are synonymous. I have yet to meet a good musician who *must* have "tea" (marijuana) —or whiskey—before he can play. I know that many men do use these stimulants. I certainly drink my share of whiskey. But I refuse to grant that any stimulants are essential or, more important, that it is anybody's business whether they are or not.

When I play with a group, all that concerns me is what they're playing in relation to me. When the audience listens to that group, its only interest is in what pours from those horns. Nobody cares if I have had spinach for dinner, just so long as I play some interesting, thoughtful music. Jazz is misunderstood by too many of its listeners as it is, without having the issues further confused. The important things about a jazz musician are how he is thinking, the emotions that compel him to play, his attitude toward music, musicians and people in general. If a man has technical ability and understands harmony (whether through formal training or sheer intuition), he should be able to express himself. But the result still depends on what is going on in his mind. And the human feelings from which springs the urge to play are not the exclusive property of any particular group of people, or the result of artificial stimulation. The sooner we rid ourselves of this legend, the sooner we will be free of these irresponsible hangers-on who prove ultimately to be our enemies.

Although, because of my own experience, I write about the music business, what I say really applies to all walks of life. We are trying to create a society in which each individual is a complete being, relaxed, reasonable and free of bias in any direction, choosing good people for his friends, and living a constructive, responsible life. He need not have any false prudishness or unquestioning conformity to artificial conventions, but, at the same time, he should try to remain free of hysteria.

And, as the gap between Negroes and whites grows narrower, we will come closer and closer to a final product in which the best in all people will have been fused, and the bad rejected. We won't be striving to prove which race is superior, but will have achieved a solid composite entity, which will, in a concerted effort, fight and defeat the forces which would set one part against the other.

Let us thank all those who are seriously working to this end. But let us also be alert and reject those who are hindering our efforts — even though it be in the name of friendship.

"Innocent peoples and nations are being cruelly sacrificed to a greed for power and supremacy which is devoid of all sense of justice and humane consideration."

The above drawing by Mitchell Siporin won first prize in the exhibition "Artists' Tribute to FDR," currently showing at ACA Gallery. Each work illustrates a quotation from Roosevelt.

J. C. Higginbotham is one of the all-time great names in jazz. Top man with the trombone, he has played with many famous bands—Fletcher Henderson, Louis Armstrong, Chick Webb, Red Allen—and has made more than 200 recordings since his first with King Oliver in 1929. Mr. Higginbotham is one of the artists who will participate in the "Duels in Jazz" program (see back cover).

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THROUGH THE FOG

An Editorial by JOHN STUART

MARCH 31 has come and gone and Greece seems to be in the same place. I think that must be a terrible blow to Mr. Truman who gave voice to a belief that if by the close of March the United States failed to take a first mortgage on Greece the country would sink and forever disappear into the Mediterranean silt. What a shame that nature is so disrespectful of the President and what a blessing that we as a people have had time to observe how badly we are led.

The White House tried to blitz the country, tried to throw it into panic and fury. It tried to say that night was day. It built its case on a structure of lies and cynicism. Clear now is the fact that an atmosphere of hysteria had been carefully contrived to make of the Greco-Turkish affair the prelude to larger adventures. Insolence is the only word to describe the conduct of men who have such disrespect for the common sense of ordinary people.

We may be sure that this step-by-step program of American imperialism will be accompanied by new discoveries of a "foreign menace" without an iota of proof. Anyone who watches Washington carefully can already see the new furies to be released from the State Department cave of winds in preparation to "protect" Korea, or Singapore, or France from imaginary monsters. This is the technique of slow aggression.

But it is far from successful. Its users had to by-pass the United Nations for the sole reason that the UN is designed to resist such techniques and purposes. And we have witnessed in the last three weeks the amazing but quite understandable phenomenon of millions upon millions of Americans protecting the UN against their own government. This is but one example of the yawning chasm between the Truman-Vandenberg Doctrine and the American people. Even the staid Walter Lippmann, who applauded Mr. Truman's message of March 12, who cheered and stomped for it up and down his columns, was compelled to acknowledge two weeks later the spectacle of a powerful executive "called into account by its own people."

So widespread has become this exposure of administration hypocrisy that Sen. Vandenberg, with the presidential bug buzzing in his ears, was forced to attach riders to the Senate bill. But it is no more palatable with these qualifications than it was without them. They serve only to underscore how the UN was tramped upon. First there was the mad rush to push the bill through because without American money Greece would evaporate by March 31. Therefore the UN had to be by-passed because recourse to it would make for delay. Now apparently Vandenberg gives the Security Council or the General Assembly the "right" to stop American action in Greece and Turkey. Thus the emergency argument never had any foundation and it is as plain as the noses on our faces that such an emergency never existed but was merely cooked up in the feverish minds of State and War Department officials.

The truth is that the Vandenberg rider will salve no honest man's conscience. It is sham to submit to UN an accomplished fact and to say to it you can vote it down provided you follow the voting procedures dictated by the American delegate and provided you are prepared to carry on the program yourselves. Vandenberg knew full well in advance that the procedure and the conditions he outlined could never be accepted without undermining the Security Council's unanimity principle. But in 1948 Vandenberg can pose as the man who disagreed with Truman's ignoring of the UN—the hero who fought for it at the very moment that he made sure that the UN would in no way interfere with America's imperialist adventures. Senator Taft plays a similar game by expressing concern over "aid" to Greece and Turkey, but feels that not to support the measure would hurt White House prestige. When Mr. Roosevelt was alive and in the presidency Taft's concern for his prestige showed itself by repeated attacks on the Roosevelt foreign policy. Such are the cheap, immoral politics of men in the top ranks of the two parties.

THIS whole battle has revealed cracks and fissures in the American ruling class. To be sure personal political ambitions are factors making for dissidence, but they are not decisive. Looming largest in causing the differences is the opposition from below to a program of aggrandizement abroad while prices and the cost of living skyrocket here. Too many people find it difficult to see how policing the world adds to their pay envelopes. They cannot see how helping Greek and Turkish fascists brings a greater measure of economic democracy into their own land. Running hand in hand with this strong feeling at home is the sentiment abroad against American intervention. Paris sees large demonstrations against the Truman foreign policy; British trade unions and cooperatives pass resolutions against it; Wallace's talks are widely acclaimed. Throughout the world there is anxiety over what the American colossus is doing. And all this puts a restraining leash on the country's rulers.

The real differences in the ruling class arise also over differenees in economic interests and outlooks—over opinions as to where and how the most can be made at the least cost. Some among those who control economic power say let Europe and Asia rot into oblivion. It is here at home and in a fenced-in Hemisphere where they can grab the most. Others, and they are the preponderant group, feel themselves strong enough to plant claims over the entire globe while using the "Communist menace" as a screen behind which to operate. Both are violently anti-democratic and both stand united in opposition to that much weaker group which believes it can obtain its share of markets and profits by friendly collaboration with other powers, by keeping frictions to a minimum. Thus the varying dissension in the Congressional debate over Greece and Turkey.

I do not say that these differences can now be used to overwhelm the Truman-Vandenberg Doctrine. But they do provide areas of maneuver to weaken that doctrine, dilute its worst features. As time goes by the fissures and cracks will inevitably widen, providing additional opportunities for the millions who place faith in the United Nations to keep the peace and not in American unilateral action that paves the way to war. The people's job is to assert and use its own great strength and not miss any chance to make it decisive.

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LITTLE STEEL HATCHETMAN

Washington.

Un-American committeeman Vail is an open-shop boss who makes no bones about it.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

WHEN Col. John T. Taylor, $12,000-a-year lobbyist for the American Legion, declared so feelingly, "We not only love them but we congratulate the members of this committee for their splendid work. If you have a job to do give it to us, to our 16,000 posts," most of the Un-American Committee members were willing to let it go at that.

But not Rep. Richard B. Vail. When it came time for him to ask questions of the witness at a recent committee hearing, he got down to brass tacks. Rep. Vail, the owner of a steel mill in South Chicago, is a practical man. His voice brisk, resonant, his manner engaging, he explained he'd been a member of the Legion for twenty-five years and praised it as an "unofficial arm of this committee." But then he came directly to the point. "I have received a communication from the Communist Party of the Tenth Ward. Can I assume that a Legion post of that community is maintaining some sort of surveillance over that organization?" It should be so, was the answer, but in the face of more questioning by Rep. Vail, Col. Taylor finally broke down and made what he called a "confession"—that the Legion's concentration on Communists had "relaxed during the war effort in the interests of fighting the war."

Later, in his office, during a lull in the committee hearings on the Rankin and Sheppard bills, as Rep. Vail was telling me about why he went into politics, I happened to remark—innocently enough—that I supposed the American Legion had supported him. Rep. Vail, a rather hard-looking number when seen at close quarters in his office in the glare of strong daylight, gave a short but somewhat bitter laugh.

The day's testimony, he said, "didn't tell the half of it." He appeared torn between wanting to unburden himself and wanting to maintain the *esprit de corps*, the discreet solidarity, which labor-hating industrialists preserve with their auxiliaries like the American Legion brass.

"The fact is that there are some Legion posts in my district like the Szymanski post which didn't support me," he said. "As the owner of a mill

They are defending you

Washington.

NOT enough support was given by progressives and liberals to that courageous group of anti-fascists who defied the Un-American Committee's authority more than a year ago. Now they have been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury and face trial—the seventeen leaders of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, including its national chairman Dr. Edward K. Barsky, and Howard Fast. And, in separate cases, indictments were returned against George Marshall, who was chairman of the former National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, and Richard Morford, director of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. Their position was that the Un-American Committee had been given literature and publications of the organizations they represented and had not proved, because it could not prove, that they were subversive; and that it had made un-Constitutional demands when it insisted on their books, records and membership lists.

In a full-page advertisement in the Washington *Post* and various other newspapers one year ago, the Citizens United to Abolish the Wood-Rankin Committee declared, of the twenty-one Americans who then had been cited by the committee: "In the finest tradition of American democracy and personal liberty, these twenty-one men and women have become a human barrier against the creeping paralysis that would throttle all American freedoms. These men and women are risking jail sentences and heavy fines in order to uphold the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution to the American people. They are defending *your* right to free speech, free press and free petitioning of Congress."

Rep. J. Parnell Thomas' reply was to conduct, as a subcommittee, a secret hearing in New York at which the head of the advertising agency placing the ad and a New York *Times* executive were summoned for a grilling. This inspired the conservative trade journal, *Editor & Publisher*, to editorialize, in part: "If this committee has been empowered by Congress to investigate 'un-American activities,' that is one thing. Let them do it. But since when has the expression of opinion in peacetime been 'un-American' in this country?" Such an investigation, it said, "amounts to intimidation" and "is an attempt to control thought."

The men and women now facing trial are but the liberal vanguard of the entire labor and progressive movement which the committee would mow under if it had its way. Together with the committee's attack on the legality of the Communist Party it is only a prelude to the broader fight against the labor movement which is scheduled to open up soon on the Senate floor with debate over the Taft omnibus bill. Everyone who is going to get into this fight better hurry up and do so—time is growing short.

V. G.

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my ideas in their opinion must be the complete opposite to those of the laboring man. Which of course is untrue. My interest primarily is in the laboring man. I'd like to prevent his exploitation."

"You want him to be exploited only by the steel mill owners and you claim the unions exploit him?" I asked.

Rep. Vail laughed softly and his brown eyes were shrewd beneath their thick red eyebrows. "I happen to run an open shop," he said slowly, speaking of his small mill which makes steel wire drawers and employs some 250 persons. "The union has been trying to organize it since 1937. I used to be an employe myself. I know what it is like," he said, and was drawing a deep breath to continue with his story when I interrupted to ask where he had worked. Well, he said, it was for a company which later became Republic Steel.

"You say you campaigned on the issue of the open shop and the need for doing away with closed shop and maintenance of membership," I went on, "but this enthusiasm doesn't carry you to the point of approving of the Memorial Day Massacre in 1937, when striking steel workers were shot in the back while running from the police, does it?" I asked. (The workers had been peacefully marching in a mass picket line when Republic Steel-instructed cops mowed them down.)

REP. VAIL'S face twitched slightly. His answer was deliberate, delivered with a mixture of patience and doggedness, as if he were determined just because he was being interviewed for NEW MASSES not to be trapped into intimating those workers shouldn't have been shot down.

"If you had made as careful a check as I of what happened you would have a different opinion as to who were the aggressors," he said, his eyes hardening. "The police fell back twice. They were dealing with a mob, a mob intent on destroying the plant."

"Were you a witness?" I asked.

"I was—not far away," he said grimly, "but no, I didn't see it."

"You wouldn't deny that the police shot the fleeing workers in the back—" I began.

"Anyone knows," he said, the color deepening in his face, as he mouthed phrases identical with those used in the Chicago *Tribune's* stories on the Massacre by Little Steel, phrases inspired by Col. R. R. McCormick and repeated again and again, "that the thing was initiated by rabble rousers, who then retired to the rear of the ranks. They were armed—they had stones and sticks."

"Did you see the photographs which were *not* used by the newspapers of the strikers and women and children running and being shot down—did you see the movie which was suppressed and later released to small audiences?"

"No," he said, "but I do know the early moves. What happened after that is what happens in the heat inspired by the frontal attack—which came from the unions."

Rep. Vail said the Republican National Committee had told him there was a larger percentage turnover in his district, the Second, than any in the country. He unseated former Rep. William A. Rowan, popular with labor. It is a district which includes almost all of one large ward in Chicago where many Negro steel workers live, the Hegewisch area and others in South Chicago. It is highly industrialized. Aware of the various proposals —including his own—made to the Un-American Committee which would play fast and loose with former aliens' citizenship guarantees, I asked him what nationalities were prominent. There were more than you could shake a stick at, he said, but Poles were most numerous.

Total collections of contributions to Rep. Vail's campaign, according to the statement filed November 30 with the Clerk of the House, were $14,425. Itemized expenditures as required under the law were $4,682.45, while total expenditures not included in the determining limit were $9,644.75. Most interesting item among the listed contributions was one for $1,635 from the Cleaners & Dyers Assn., 188 West

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Randolph Street, Chicago. Under the terms of the Corrupt Practice Act no national bank or corporation shall make a contribution to an election for federal office, but this does not apply to the primary of course.

Asked if the Cleaners & Dyers Assn. was not a group of employers, cleaning and dyeing companies, and if it were incorporated, Rep. Vail said, "Oh, they gave as individuals. We just listed them that way for our own convenience." Asked if he recalled whether they contributed to his primary or to his election campaign, he said smoothly, "To both. They were distributed between the primary and the election campaigns."

For one who claimed that he didn't care whether he won the election, that he was running only for "principle" and to make a fight for anti-labor legislation, which he of course calls legislation to help labor, it was odd that he admitted making an extremely vigorous campaign which was "almost a precinct campaign." He got a few AFL locals' endorsements, but he could not recall what unions they were—"I didn't think they meant anything." The district is dominantly CIO.

"I don't understand," I said, "how you could say openly that you were for passing laws to do away with the checkoff and maintenance of membership, since the steelworkers know what they mean, and it's admitted that if these provisions were done away with they wouldn't have a union."

"That's right," he said, matter-of-factly. When an employer makes no bones about it but in this way admits that the steel companies would break the unions wide open if they could get one loophole, it is disconcerting enough. When that employer is sitting on a Congressional committee which is "considering" legislation to ban the Communist Party and will get a bill barring Wagner Act benefits to employes fired because they are "Reds," it becomes depressing. He was murmuring that there still were "laboring people who are not necessarily subjugated to a sufficient degree" —to unions, of course—to object to his pet proposals.

The man who had come closer than other members to getting the Legion witness to spell out v-i-g-i-l-a-n-t-e then explained the connection between his work on the committee and his "program" for labor. He put it this way: "There is no connection—except that of course un-American activity is represented in union leadership. We know the CIO-PAC leadership is loaded with it.

"Why," he said, "I have numerous delegations which come in to see me on pending labor bills, delegations which seem to exude a radical aura before they even begin to talk. I am always frank. I pull no punches. But they get quite acrimonious and bitter. I am afraid," he said sadly, "that labor just doesn't want any legislation at all in regard to labor."

As we waited for an elevator the Congressman asked amiably, "How'd you happen to get mixed up with NEW MASSES?"

I replied that it was an act of deliberation.

"I never liked that word 'masses,'" he sighed.

"It's a good proletarian word, Congressman—I wouldn't expect you to," I said; and, debonair and smiling, in his well-cut grey woolens, the defender of Republic Steel's massacre waved me farewell.

FAMILY CRISIS

IN ITS edition of Sunday, Nov. 24, 1946, the New York *Herald-Tribune* published a long, seemingly learned thesis by Clare Boothe Luce to prove that communism and family life are incompatible. By torturing a few sentences from the *Communist Manifesto* she triumphantly concluded that Karl Marx overtly espoused the abolition of the family. Obviously, since she was blowing these weighty spitballs at the enemies of bourgeois culture, she was defending the status quo as the proper milieu for family-rearing. It matters not that on the following Sunday, in the same paper, V. J. Jerome, a Communist, demolished her thesis and proved that, according to Karl Marx, it was *capitalism* that made life difficult for the family. We are sure that La Luce still holds to her original opinions and not even the beautiful picture on the cover of the current *Look* Magazine captioned "The New Clare Luce" can alter our impression that she is still the same old gal.

An editorial in the March 24 issue of *Life*, the Luce family manifesto, is very much worried about what is happening to the family. Says the edit in part: "There is strong evidence that the institution of the family, not only in the United States but throughout Western civilization, is at a crisis. Some people are more alarmed about it than others, but certain statistics are painful indeed. For instance, one out of every three American marriages now ends in divorce.

" 'What's wrong with marriage, you ask?' said John Haynes Holmes on a recent radio broadcast. 'Our society is sick. Our social order is going to pieces.' And a few days before that, Dr. Carle Zimmerman, Harvard sociologist, told the American Social Hygiene Association . . . 'If left alone, the family system will break up before the end of the century.'

"Professor Zimmerman points out that the Western family has collapsed twice before, in Greece about 300 B.C. and in Rome about 300 A.D., in each case marking the decline of those states. Both times the manifestations were the same: (1) almost universal corruption and disregard of the marriage agreement; (2) vanishing birthrate; (3) denigration of parents; (4) juvenile and adult delinquency."

Doesn't Mrs. Luce tell Mr. Luce?

JOSEPH FOSTER.

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WHAT HAPPENS THEN TO AMERICA?

An Editorial by A. B. MAGIL

MY NEIGHBOR's eyes clouded as he puffed his pipe. "What kind of an America will it be," he said, "if they do things to Communists?"

"They" referred of course to the Rankin-Thomas Un-American Committee, the FBI, the Congressional reactionaries, the union-busting monopolists—all those who are yapping for political blood in the name of the Red Menace. There was an ominous tone in my neighbor's voice. He is a Jew, a refugee from Nazi Germany. He knows in his very guts what happened not only to his people but to Germany itself when that country's Rankins and J. Edgar Hoovers began doing things to German Communists.

Yes, the time has come for every American to ask: when they propose to "do things to Communists," *what are they doing to America?*

For it is America—not merely the Communists—that will be maimed and lacerated; it is the great democratic republic of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln that will be hounded from pillar to post if that evil tribe has its way. Those who love America, even if they dislike Communists, should ponder the portents coming out of Washington these days.

Nearly six weeks have passed since Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach, while testifying on proposed anti-labor legislation, touched off the reactionary assault on the Bill of Rights by advocating the outlawing of the Communist Party. The next day came the counterpart of this domestic crusade, the Truman doctrine of unlimited intervention against the freedom of other nations. What has happened since has been a testing of strengths between the democratic and anti-democratic forces of our nation and of the world. In that testing the democratic forces have revealed a power that should give heart to all who are determined that the pattern of Germany shall not be repeated here.

I want to confine myself to that part of this struggle which centers around the anti-Communist drive, though it is intimately related to both the Truman Doctrine and the attempts to shackle labor. Consider this towering fact: despite the reactionary grip on both houses of Congress, despite the active cooperation of the administration, despite the clamorous support of the press and radio, *the original plan to outlaw the Communist Party has had to be abandoned.* Just as big business and its political retainers miscalculated the public response to their imperialist Truman Doctrine, so they miscalculated the extent of resistance to the proposal to deprive Americans of the right to be Communists. So great was the outcry from Americans in all walks of life, who saw in this proposal a direct threat to their own liberties, that even J. Edgar Hoover found it expedient to shy away from it.

A new tactic has been devised: rather than outlaw the Communists, achieve the same end by crippling them. The basis for action against the Communists was also shifted. The case for illegalization rested primarily on the charge that the Communist Party advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence—a charge unsupported by any evidence and refuted by both the principles and practice of the Party. The new basis for action against the party is the no less false charge that it is a foreign agent, owing allegiance to the Soviet Union.

BUT is it only the Communists that are to be branded foreign agents? Did not that glorified cop with the soul of a quisling, J. Edgar Hoover, tell the Rankin-Thomas committee that "for every Party member there are ten others ready, willing and able to do the Party's work" and that "there are many actual members who because of their position are not carried on Party rolls"? By this test who will escape the label and libel of "foreign agent"? Certainly not those millions of Americans who have demonstrated their insidiously "foreign" lack of enthusiasm for the Truman Doctrine and their desire for a strong United Nations.

What happens to America if this happens to Americans? When every person who speaks up for higher wages and rent control becomes a "foreign agent" because the Communists favor that too, when every mother who says she doesn't want her boy to fight in World War III becomes a "foreign agent," when every veteran who says he isn't keen about being on the breadline in a new depression becomes a "foreign agent," then the America Americans have known and loved for over a century and a half will also be branded and jailed, and the architects of ruin—traitors to our country —will do with her what they will.

This need not happen, it must not happen. The setbacks administered to the anti-American plotters the last few weeks proves the people can win. Everything AFL President William Green, testifying before the Un-American Committee, said against the proposal to outlaw the Communist Party holds equally for any scheme to curtail its constitutional rights. If labor and progressive organizations and individuals stand equally firm against *all* such anti-democratic proposals, they can defeat them.

It is time too for a determined counter-offensive. I believe that Eugene Dennis, general secretary of the Communist Party, last week thrust to the heart of the problem when he challenged the legality of the committee. The challenge contains four chief counts: (1) that the limits of the committee's authority have never been defined and that the term un-American is "unknown to the law"; (2) that the committee has usurped police authority and has assumed the powers of a police court without providing the law's protections; (3) that the committee has interfered in elections and trade union activities, abridged the right of employment, nullified civil liberties and sought to undermine the United Nations; (4) that the committee is illegally constituted since it includes at least one member, Rep. John E. Rankin of Mississippi, who "is not duly and lawfully seated as a member of the House of Representatives."

I know of no better way for democratic Americans of whatever political persuasion to safeguard their own rights than to give full support to this bold fight. The political cesspool from which for nearly nine years so much filth has poured besmirches the name and endangers the very existence of the United States as a free nation. Let's rid America of the Rankin-Thomas Un-American Committee once and for all!

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RAIN SHADOW

Rory Davis wanted the desert to come alive. But he didn't figure that the big trains would rush through Tabletop toward other places.

A Short Story by LEONARD CASPER

WHISKERS opened the throttle on the little runabout, and slowly the section gang moved out of Tabletop station. Their limp red flags came to life, but nobody waved back: in the semi-coolness of early morning the little town was sleeping. Nobody seemed to care that the gandy dancers were on their way to lay new streamline track along the Penitente river.

The checkerboard crew itself, a mixed lot of Mexicans, Indians and whites, felt indifferent, felt nothing. With blank calm they surveyed the walls of the hills, scarcely speaking. Their transient smiles were meaningless. Another day of labor. They were saving their energy for the hours of sweat ahead.

Only Rory Davis pulled his tin bucket into the pit of his stomach and wondered. For seventeen years he had studied the fabric and texture of the Penitente valley until he knew every rock, every uplift of soil. His fertile mind built a fertile valley.

He wondered, then, why his brother wanted him to leave the Penitente. Al didn't understand. Last night's letter was still in Rory's pocket. Well, let it stay there.

"You will like it here in Las Animas, the old man says to come on along, and you no him! Ha ha! But seriusly he's havin a heck of time with himself just geting brown. I'm gona see you get all the breaks I never had, see?"

Ha ha!

By the time they reached the part of the track which they were replacing, the mesas had sharpened; early daylight polished the ground to easy brilliance. Rory felt strong, big with ambition.

He helped Colito and Jake unload ties from the motorcar and then tip the car off the track and roll it onto the far side of the shoofly. They began to gather and place their materials from the piles where they had stacked them the previous evening.

Whiskers loosened his suspenders. "We'll like to finish 'er today, boys." He caressed his stomach. "Then watch the slicks go by heah from upstate. By joe, Ah'm gonna git mah ol' woman a job in the stageshun, puttin' ice on the cahs for theah gingah drinks. So Ah kin retah!"

It was an old joke, and everybody cawed accordingly. Overcome by the sad acceptance of their no-futures, they put in their hours, their days, their months, automatically, hoping each would be their last; anticipating the day they wouldn't have to work and knowing that such a day could never come.

Everybody except Rory. He failed to share the slow-easy despair, the flagellante attitude of the gandy dancers. He was warm with life. Furthermore, he saw nothing funny about women working in the yards. Oliva worked eight hours a day in Tabletop. Oliva, his girl-love, the daughter of a goatherd, swept out cars, watered trains, inspected journal boxes. It wasn't easy work. Someday, when he told her he loved her, she would quit.

Men passing through the station at Tabletop seldom gave Oliva a second glance. One-quarter Indian, short and dark, strong and agile, good-humored. Not a second glance. But Rory, quietly, knew her. Funny: except for a few words exchanged each night when he walked her home from the station, there was nothing. Nothing apparent.

"About yur little woman, Ror, now don't get me wrong, see, she's okay for Tabletop but wait'll you get a load of these Las Animas babes. Wowie! They really got class. Edicated women. What legs!"

Ha ha!

"Grab your jim-crow," Jake told him. "There's a bend in the main iron needs straightening."

Rory was hard with muscle, big for his age. The super thought he was too big for brains. But Rory knew something about the railroad that the super didn't. Some day a man of vision and influence would step off the streamliner at Tabletop, and Rory would offer his services to him. Together they'd make something of the Penitente. Anything they liked. Cotton field, pecan grove.

"Ror, I garantee if (that is when) you get to Las Animas, you'll soone forget everything you've had to go through at Tabletop. I coulda done things with my life, no kiddin, if I'd a got out of that jerk town sooner. I could be mayor here. No kid. Ha! As it is you know I'm just a bum, just partner in this truck busness. We got six semis now, though, and let me tell you your big bro is in the chips. But why work your head to the bone, say I, if you can git a descent start. Right?

"So I've saved and you better come. Or else. Concider it a loan if you want, Ror. The big town is the place to go. I know. There's a place here, the Las Animas Schools of Industry (I may spel it wrong) where you can go fore a half year & they'll really learn you something. Youre a smart kid but you git funy ideas sometimes."

Ha ha!

"UNGH - OOONG - EHHH," Cloud King grunted, without emotion, heaving on his crowbar.

The gandy dancers swore that they worked all day without thinking; with their minds blank, with only their bodies feeling now and again the strain, the tension, or the ease of their work. It was best that way.

Rory worked beside them, blow for blow; but his brain ran with a rough avalanche of canyons and bluffs; and the slow creep of the Penitente river in its dry bed was loudest, fiercest of all.

At ten-thirty a work train arrived with four cars of ballast and two flats loaded with ties. A small derrick on the train helped them unload. It was hot work. They wiped the water from their sweat bands and tried to bury their eyes in the little shade of their floppy hats.

"Juice!" they cried. And tipped up the glass jars of tepid water, merely rinsing their mouths. Their waists ran

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blue with the dye of their denims.

"Tomorrow we'll be through," they told each other. "Someday tomorrow."

Rory looked at the broad flat back of Red Mesa that cut off the moisture-laden winds from the southeast. There were fossils up there, thousands of years old, buried in sediments laid down by ancient seas. Now the piles of strata were hard and coarse, and vegetation had to fight to keep its roots in the light mantle of soil. But once water had covered all of Penitente. That was a fact. Well, water would shape the valley again. There would be cypress and cedar, and people would live off the land. Why pretend at tomorrow? Today was now.

"Acourse if youd rather not stay with our outfit, my pard and I, I want you to know its ok, see, you can easy git into something else. Like that gravel and cement business you useta always want as a kid. We could git the trucks. Remember?"

Ha ha! Yes, he had always wanted. But things change. The gravel and cement business, but still Ha ha! At what price?

By noon he was full of heat. There were no lumps in his back, and his arms were well lubricated. He walked back and forth as he ate from his bucket, afraid his muscles would stiffen if he stopped moving entirely.

The white haze of hills stared at him, challenging. He answered confidently with his eyes, seeing all things. The massive and columnar. The glassy and metallic. The bloodless blocks of gypsum; the pinnacles of quartz, red and blue-black; the dark, impenetrable slates; the conglomerate breccia; the greenish white limestone. Some of these rocks were in the very gravels packed together to make the roadbed for the new track. He knew each of them. They were great. But he was man, a colossus.

A train flashed by, and momentarily he saw the blur of bored faces turned vacantly to the mesa. Eyes tired from newsprint, looking out, seeing and not seeing. They didn't know. How could they? They saw a vast desert, barely topped in places with pigweed and strange cacti, a few scrub oak and dry short grasses. A faint finger of dirty water. Bouldery soil. The sun-weathered talus creep at the foot of Signal Knob. They suffered in silence, enduring the alien wastes, knowing that in time, if they survived, they would be far across the state. In some mecca like Las Animas.

But if the train stopped.

If someone forgot big buildings long enough to think of small people. And bread fell daily on the desert.

"Here's your trainfare. Don't wait for a ry. pass. I know you'll want to come as soon as possible. Saturday you can make good conections." That would be tomorrow. "The sooner the beter, huh?"

Ha ha!

Henry Boyd.

Like saying: be grateful for being invited into the snare. You think you're hot stuff. You think you can figure out a few things for yourself. Well, you're wrong. I'm the first-born, and when I snap my fingers, squat! Al, the Al-mighty.

Al didn't have a big heart. Unh uh. But he'd been beaten once, and he couldn't get over it. Five years ago he had managed the stockyard in the Tabletop freight station. Until the night a dozen head of beef were stolen. Al left town, then, to escape prison.

Now he needed to feel that someone depended on him, that he was bigger than someone else. Already he had talked Pa Davis into giving up his hardware store in Tabletop, retiring, and accepting Al's help. Rory was next: drop everything and come running. Come crying. His first letter had been friendly, but the next would grab for the throat. Al couldn't afford a refusal.

"On youah feet," Whiskers said.

THEY drifted back to work, lazily, overcome with the realization that they might live for years and there would be no rest, only penance, payment in travail. Slowly, fighting the vertigo that movement in the sun brought after prolonged inaction, they flexed their muscles and bent to their labor. Shirts came off. Sweat rolled.

In mid-afternoon bulging gray cumulo-nimbus clouds vaulted over the horizon, darkening the contours of the mesas. Dim lightning flashed; thunder began to roll and toss down hidden valleys. Violent eddies spilled in the distant sky.

As one man the section gang faced east. A few boulders slipped down the leeward slope of Red Mesa. A whirlpool of dust started to twist its way toward them. The temperature increased; the humidity became unbearable. While the far margin of sky visibly flushed itself and ran cold, great waves of adiabatic heat swept down upon them. Colito began to mutter audibly, but it was not apparent whether he was praying or cursing.

The storm continued for three-quarters of an hour. Then it thinned and finally vanished. All that it brought to Penitente valley was intensification of heat and misery.

It was always like that.

The rain shadow, silent and ominous, was like Al trying to smother the personalities of others with a soft, soft pillow.

Rory looked hard at the crusted

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desert pavement on either side of the track. For a moment he saw long lines of trucks, each with a giant concrete mixer on its back, mixing concrete as they rolled down a broad highway from his plants to the edge of a tall, solemn city where he built new and lasting horizons.

No. Anyone could succeed in Las Animas. The real test of courage was here.

Mentally he tore up the letter with its subtle demands. Then, not satisfied, he took the letter itself from his pocket and destroyed it.

Within the hour, the Penitente river began to swell like a gorging snake. It twisted and squirmed and hissed, uncomfortably. This was the valley's share of the rainstorm, apportioned to it through the circuitous river-bed which water and wind had cut through a cross-section of mesas. It wasn't much: always it came like a never-to-be-fulfilled promise. But its disruption of the monotony of the dry valley was, nevertheless, welcome.

Rory was thinking: what about a small dam across the Penitente with a whole chain of sluices and irrigation ditches? Water, growing and spreading, gushing through the fields, smashing the gravels into fine sandy soil, carrying off the excess alkali, enriching the plant humus. Perhaps there could be more than one dam. And reservoirs to hold the snows as they melted in the high plateaus; great flues and systems of pumps carrying the precious moisture to the fields or to watering places for stock. Why not?

Rory winked at Colito, who just gave him the dead eye. He didn't realize. Tomorrow. Tomorrow was here. No more masks of long-suffering despair; no more secret meetings for self-inflicted pain. He could rebuild the elements for these people. With intelligent help, with money.

All right, Al. We shall see who is the stronger. We shall scratch our wills one against the other and see.

THE heat of day diminished so gradually that its loss was not apparent. Hours went by. Several more miles of track. Sweat dripped continuously from the boiling flesh; it mingled with the dazzling sands and cemented the roadbed. Time passed effortlessly. Bare rhythms and burnt energy.

Slowly Rory's brain filled with the confusion of things. Dams and concrete mixers. Tall buildings overshadowing a spent plain. Stoplights like a million colored suns, hurting the eyes; with his trucks going through. Irrigation pumps and adobe ditches. Water, water, water. Mixing noisily with gravel into pavement. Breaking down the dry earth into colloids. Mixing, breaking.

Lean on the jim-crow, smashing the breath from your lungs. Wrestle the angel. Who is the harder now? Scratch. Scratch sparks. Al the Almighty. It was practically an order. If he gave in, it was the end. In a free exchange both customers should be satisfied. But this was an exchange under compulsion. A great temptation. Cross off all the years before. Build new tracks and a new destination. Forget whatever was, the dreams that fostered childhood, the plans that gave stature to the young man. Or fight it now. Or never. Oliva and he. Each lifting the other.

At four-ten a motorcar with three men aboard came buzzing up the track from the south. They were Johnson, the way maintenance boss, and two surveyors. They stopped alongside the section gang and, dismounting, started to work very quietly. There was no wasted motion with them; they were to check the progress on the tracks. No foolishness.

The section gang got off the hump of the bed and squatted on their heels. Rest. Take a break. Don't kill yourself.

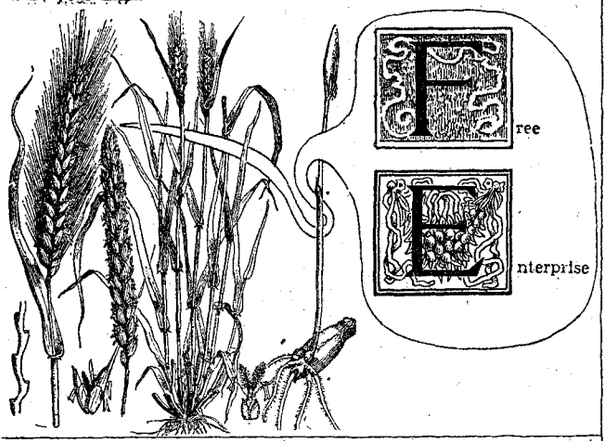
When the surveyors were finished, they put aside their instruments and quietly went into a huddle with Johnson. They came away, nodding and smiling. Everything was going fine.

Mace, the older surveyor, walked

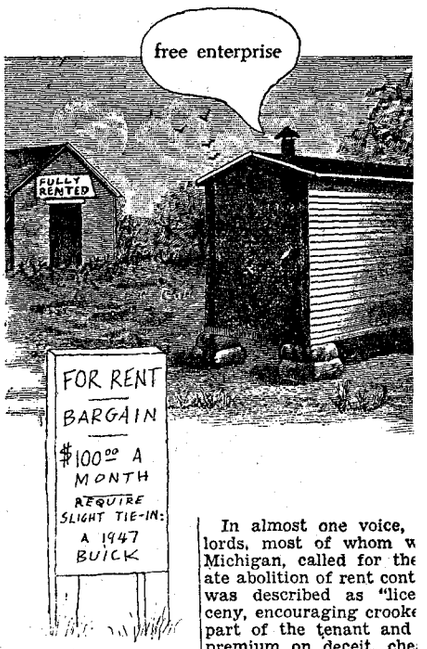
on safari with harari

With food prices already at an all-time high, a city-by-city survey showed today that housewives across the country are going to have to pay more for bread.

Market trading, a good part of it by speculators rushing to cover short sales, has pushed wheat prices to a 27-year high.



The Senate passed, by a vote of 33 to 18, the Young-Demo Merit Rating bill which cuts down the reserve of the Unemployment Insurance Fund from four times the amount collected the previous year to three and one-half times. This will give back to the employers an estimated $118,000,000 for the year June 30, 1947.



In almost one voice, lords, most of whom w Michigan, called for the ate abolition of rent cont was described as "lice ceny, encouraging crooke part of the tenant and premium on deceit, che chicanery by the tenant."

In Lansing, Mich., it rent control was even r for a "premium on immo

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over to the gang and sat on his heels near them. Whiskers went to him, but did not sit, and the two began to discuss something.

"No, no, no," Mace said aloud. "Ask Johnson. You got the wrong idea. Why do they want fast track? So they can slow down passengers by stopping them at Tabletop? Hell, no! People want to get through this country as fast as possible. . . . No layovers. They'll go nonstop from the state line to Royal City. Then they'll stop just long enough to take on water. Freight trains'll still use Tabletop, but as a matter of fact there'll be less railroad jobs there now and more in the big cities. The whistle stops won't have anything to do with streamliners except to give them clearance.

"Progress's passing you by at ninety per, Whiskers. Tabletop'll be just a blur at the window. I hear they're taking it off the new timetables already. Anyway, there'll always be track to keep up no matter where it leads. But this line is something big now; it sort of puts the little burgs in the shade. But we've gotta compete with the airlines."

Finally Johnson and his surveyors took off. The gandy dancers began cleaning up the track and stacking their ties and joints for the next day. Rory could hardly work.

Your best bet is a big city.

He felt cold as if the sun had already gone down. Slowly the absurdity of his dreams overwhelmed him; the immensities involved shook him.

A child's dream in a grownup world. Gone.

Tabletop was destined to disappear in the shadows. Cut loose before it's too late.

Las Animas. Las Animas.

But he felt more involved in the people of the Penitente; the problem of raw stone in the walled hills, like a constant threat to the men of the valley. The thought of making the Penitente livable had warmed him up through the years from childhood.

Now he felt old. He felt cold.

Whiskers got his gang back on the runabout and they started for home. (Home?) The day was over; their impassive faces took it for granted. They never seriously wanted anything; could never feel disappointed. Worry about tomorrow, tomorrow. Tonight take what you have, rest it close, rest in its dear soothing arms. Sleep and forget to think.

The sun, bleeding slowly into the layers of sky, shot low beyond the mesas. The canyons, the cliffs which earlier in the day had convinced him they had souls, were dirty gray masses in the early twilight. The rocks were fierce and ugly; alien, vicious. The Penitente river showed its windrows of gravel like old flesh, shrivelled and yellow.

The sky chilled.

There would be no Man on the Train. Rory felt lonely, imprisoned. He saw Tabletop as it was. And as it would have to be. A snivelling creek. What was it worth?

Al would take care of him. Al was the oldest brother. Rory was just a kid, full of fancy ideas. Too big for his pants. Under the Al-mighty's wing he wouldn't even hear Tabletop fall.

The evening star cut sharply into a flight of black buzzards across the shadowed sky.

Whom did he think he was kidding? Something was gone. For a moment (for almost seventeen years) Rory had felt alive. Radio-active. Now, slowly, he disintegrated to lead. Slowly.

When the section gang pulled into Tabletop, he didn't stop to look for Oliva. He went striding, stiff-legged, across the tracks, hands squashed in his pockets. It was gone. All gone. Wiped out. Young, irreplaceable years. Even his eyes seemed different in his head. Stale.

He hurried out of the station. There were things to be packed.

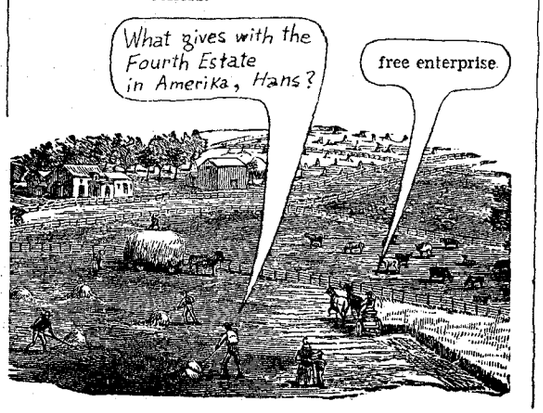
Strange-shaped thoughts kept arranging, rearranging themselves in his mind.

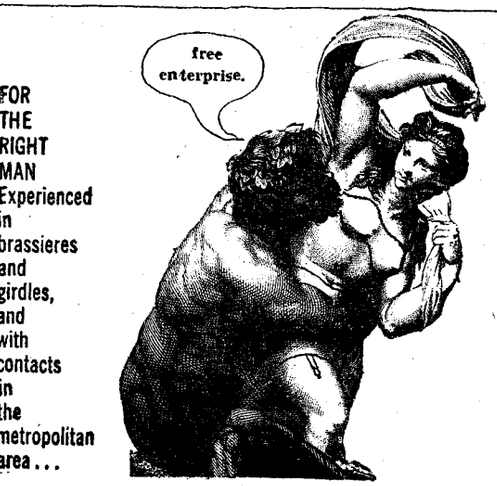
A day in my life is gone.

My life is gone in a day.

ON the farms in the Russian sector what has been done is clear and what will be done quite obvious, no matter how much it is denied. It is a frightening program...

> . . . Specifically, Fascists were barred from holding office, and Hoernle subsequently banned from membership "all opponents of agrarian reform, all avowed or secret militarists and public enemies of any sort."...
>
> . . . Russian cameras clicked to record the joyful celebrations when deeds to both tillable and forest land were handed out free to former estate workers and others.





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PHILOSOPHY: THE BASIC CONFLICT

The struggle between materialism and idealism is not an academic debate. It reflects the clash of social forces in the crisis of our time.

By RALPH BOWMAN

THE Lamont-Selsam discussion (NEW MASSES, February 25) on materialism and on John Dewey's philosophy was a model of scholarly polemics. Selsam's revealing quotations from Dewey's writings and his citation of Dewey's life-long hostility to materialism definitely places Dewey outside of and in opposition to the materialist school of thought. Dewey and virtually all the philosophers of our contemporary society consider it a virtue to be classed as anti-materialist. This antagonism toward materialist philosophy is no mere prejudice or passing fashion in philosophy, like the present infatuation with existentialism, but reflects the fundamental line of distinction between the two basic philosophies of modern times.

While all non-materialist philosophers reject materialism both in its undeveloped eighteenth century form and particularly modern dialectical materialism, most of them will deny that they are idealists or even agnostics. In this respect they are very much like those people who reject the Darwinian theory of the origin of species and the evolution of man but deny also the biblical story of creation. They hold "original" positions between the two opposite views and thus supposedly rise above both extremes of "crude" science and primitive mythology. Such eclectic reasoning is the hallmark of all semi-idealist philosophy.

The subject matter of philosophy is the very real world we live in and our real relationship to it. There can no more be room for hundreds of unique or original versions of its nature than there can be hundreds of original and true versions of the origin of this world and those who live in it. This is no longer a matter where one man's guess is as good as another's, as in the "golden age" of ancient Greece.

While the Lamont-Selsam discussion leaves no doubt that Dewey's philosophy has little in common with materialism, I think it useful to outline the essential elements of the materialist conception of the world and to show the historic causes of the distortions as well as the hostility displayed toward materialism by virtually all modern professional philosophers. This is important because for almost two hundred years materialism has been maliciously treated as a doctrine of greed, ignorance, fatalism and anarchy without spiritual values, esthetics, scientific truth, or ethics. The campaign against materialism, philosophical and theological, is only second to the malice shown by professional historians toward the democratic Jacobin period of the French Revolution, and more recently toward the socialist revolution of 1917.

It is in connection with the epoch-making world transition from the feudal to capitalist society, reaching its climax in the France of 1789, that materialism played the guiding theoretical and ideological role. The famed eighteenth century materialists were the first thinkers who deliberately fashioned a philosophy into an effective instrument of fundamental social change. Marx recognized their positive progressive role when he wrote: "French materialism was not only a struggle against existing political institutions as well as against existing religion and theology but was quite as much an open outspoken struggle against the metaphysics of the seventeenth century and against all metaphysics, especially that of Descartes, Malebranche, Spinoza and Leibniz." (*Feuerbach*, Appendices, p. 85.)

One of the understandable paradoxes of the history of philosophy and of history in general is that the early progressive capitalist classes developed and successfully used materialism as a revolutionary instrument to overthrow feudalism, but when their victory was achieved abandoned this philosophy and exiled it from their universities. Paul Lafargue, a co-worker of Marx and one of the great early Marxists of France, summed up this betrayal of materialism as follows: "At the beginning of the nineteenth century our bourgeoisie, having completed the task of revolutionary destruction, began to repudiate its Voltaire and free-thinking philosophy. Catholicism, which the master decorator Chateaubriand painted in romantic colors, was restored to fashion, and Sebastian Mercier imported the idealism of Kant in order to give a *coup de grace* to the materialism of the Encyclopedists, whose protagonists had been guillotined by Robespierre." (Quoted by Lenin in vol. XI, *Selected Works*, p. 262.)

For about half a century after the capitalist classes discarded materialism, materialism stagnated in the borderland between the new classes generated by the young capitalist society. However, even in this period of relative inertia, when idealist and theological supernaturalism ruled supreme in the universities, the latent progressive content of materialism inspired the first serious critics of capitalism—the great humanist thinkers of utopian socialism.

Thus materialist philosophy even in its early and incomplete form served St. Simon, Fourier and Owen, the first socialist defenders of the still immature and inarticulate working classes. When Marx and Engels entered the arena in the middle of the nineteenth century they modernized and *completed* (not rejected) the old materialist philosophy, making it the theoretical foundation of scientific socialism. The "specter of communism" that haunted the perplexed minds of the ruling classes of Europe during the wave of democratic revolutions of 1848 intensified the attacks on materialism on the part of all ideological spokesmen of the frightened bourgeoisie. And finally when dialectical materialism became the guiding theory of Lenin's world-shaking revolution, as well as the creative philosophy of the living Soviet society, materialism became synonymous with socialism.

The rise today of uniquely new European democracies, which represent stages of positive transition to socialism, guided largely by modern materialist philosophy, supplies addi-

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tional explanation of the hostility to materialism and the ceaseless quest for ever-new philosophical founts. Dewey's philosophy of instrumentalism is only one of the latest creations in the long chain of "original" new versions of discredited idealism. It covers the old and vain ambition of bourgeois idealist philosophy to replace and exterminate materialism—a striking reflection of class antagonism in the sphere of ideology.

WHAT are the essential elements of materialism? No intellectual gymnastics or obscure terminology are necessary to make it both clear and acceptable to ordinary human beings. That is one of the lesser reasons many of the proud philosophers scorn it. They can hardly be expected to consider the world outlook easily grasped by self-educated workers a genuine philosophy.

Almost a hundred years ago Frederick Engels wrote the following clear and simple general definition of materialism, a definition that requires no alteration today: "Nature exists independently of all philosophy. It is the foundation upon which we human beings, ourselves products of nature, have grown up. Nothing exists outside nature and man, and the higher beings our religious fantasies have erected are only the fantastic reflections of our own essense." In the same small booklet, *Feuerbach*, the definition is still further simplified. "The materialist outlook on nature means no more than simply conceiving nature as it exists without any foreign admixtures."

Lenin answered those who expressed contempt for materialism in the following words: "Materialism deliberately makes the 'naive' belief of mankind [in the existence of objective reality—R.B.] the foundation of its theory of knowledge." (*Selected Works*, vol. XI, p. 136.)

Theory of knowledge is the core and the real concern of all serious philosophy. It is called epistemology and it is a science and not philosophy in the old speculative sense. It is neither simple nor easily grasped without serious and systematic study. But its foundation, its starting point, is based on premises that anyone can grasp—that is, anyone but modern shame-faced idealist philosophers whose fantastic starting point is either denial or doubt that the real world exists independently of our consciousness and our sense perceptions.

Three more definitions of materialism by Lenin suffice to give the clear and unequivocal position of Marxism on this basic question of whether or not there is a real material world and hence whether we are able to acquire authentic, dependable and ever more accurate knowledge of it.

"Materialism is the recognition of 'objects in themselves,' or outside the mind; ideas and sensations are copies or images of these objects. The opposite doctrine (idealism) claims that objects do not exist 'without the mind'; objects are 'combinations of sensations.'"

"Matter is primary, and thought, consciousness, sensation are product of a very high development. Such is the materialist theory of knowledge, to which natural science instinctively subscribes."

"The materialist theory [is] that the human mind *reflects* an objectively real external world." (*Selected Works*, vol. XI, pp. 95-141-395.)

Dialectical materialism is the continuation of eighteenth century materialism on a higher plane made possible by the gigantic strides of scientific discoveries in the first half of the nineteenth century, and, above all, by the tremendous evidence of evolutionary development in virtually all spheres of nature. *Dialectics*, the new vital feature of modern materialism, is not a simple concept. It is not as easily grasped as the essential principles of materialism. It embraces the methodology of dialectical materialism, "its approach to the phenomena of nature, its method of apprehending them." The general nature of dialectics and the essential content of its component elements, however, can be readily understood after persistent effort and the shedding of old modes of thinking.

Engels in his *Feuerbach* defines the general character of dialectics as "the great basic thought that the world is not to be comprehended as a complex of ready-made *things* but as a complex of *processes*, in which the things apparently stable no less than their mind-images in our heads, the concepts, go through an uninterrupted change of coming into being and passing away, in which in spite of all seeming accidents and temporary retrogressions, a progressive development asserts itself in the end. . . . This dialectical philosophy dissolves all conceptions of final absolute truth and a final absolute state of humanity corresponding to it. For it, nothing is final, absolute, sacred. It reveals the transitory character of everything and in everything, nothing can endure before it except the uninterrupted process of becoming and passing away, of endless ascendancy from lower to the higher."

This over-all concept of forward and upward evolutionary development of nature, human society and human knowledge is not a synthetic intellectual construction based on introspection or wishful thinking. Again in the words of Engels: "Dialectics is nothing more than the science of the general laws of motion and development of nature, human society and thought." (*Anti-Duhring*, p. 160.) ". . . Really the dialectic in our head is only the reflection of the actual development which is fulfilled in the world of nature and human history in obedience to dialectical forms." (*Marx-Engels Correspondence*, p. 495.) In other words the consciously acquired dialectical concept of universal progressive development in all spheres of existence is the human discovery and *intellectual* comprehension of the real development in the objective world and in the history of society.

Marxist philosophy, therefore, welcomes the achievements and conclusions of science as providing ever greater knowledge of the world: for example, Darwin's basic theory of the development of simple unicellular organisms into complex multicellular ones. This and similar magnificent discoveries of the universal processes of

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evolutionary development perfectly coincide with the Marxist philosophy. In fact they confirm it. The evolutionary development of human society from its earliest primitive animal existence, through prehistoric cooperative and communal forms, through slavery, feudalism and capitalism into the next higher stages of socialism and communism forms the general outline of Marx's materialist conception of the over-all history of mankind as the prelude to its far brighter future.

Marxists of course are not the only ones who believe in some form of theory of evolution, at least in various spheres of nature. No serious scientist today rejects evolution. Many people who believe in slow, orderly progressive improvement in society accept evolution in a limited measure. Even many progressive ministers of the gospel accept some features of evolution with certain theological reservations. The most important feature in relation to the dialectical theory of universal progressive development, distinguishing it from all other limited theories, is the dynamics of the endless movement and development of the world. Theology and frank idealist philosophy, to the degree that they accept evolution, attribute it to God or to eternal or human ideas.

The complex problem of the scope, forms, sequences and the dynamics of movement and progressive development forms the main substances of the theory of knowledge of dialectics and requires considerable space to elaborate. Here only the most general character of their elements can be indicated. Perhaps the most condensed and authoritative statement of the chief elements of dialectical movement are to be found in the following paragraph of Lenin's: "The idea of development, of evolution . . . as formulated by Marx and Engels on the basis of Hegel . . . is far more comprehensive, far richer in content than the current idea of evolution. A development that seemingly repeats the stages already passed, but repeats them otherwise, on a higher basis ('negation of negation'), a development, so to speak, in spirals, not in a straight line; a development by leaps, catastrophes, revolutions; 'breaks in continuity'; the transformation of quantity into quality;' the inner impulses to development, imparted by the contradiction and conflict of the various forces and tendencies acting on a given body, or within a given phenomenon, or within a given society; the interdependence and the closest, indissoluble connection of *all* sides of every phenomenon (while history constantly discloses ever new sides), a connection that provides a uniform, law-governed, universal process of motion—such are some of the features of dialectics as a richer (than the ordinary) doctrine of development." (*Selected Works*, vol. XI, pp. 17-18.)

From this account it should be clear that the long, tenacious antagonism in philosophy between materialism and idealism, both open and concealed, is not an academic debate. These are no misunderstandings over terminology, degrees of truth, of national temperaments or scholastic intransigence. The historic antagonism has its roots in the material and social life of modern society, intensified by the contemporary crisis of transition from a lower to the next higher stage of social development. In this transition philosophy is not and cannot be neutral. It inevitably reflects, in an abstract and somewhat concealed form, the real aspirations and long-range interests of the main classes making up our swiftly moving society.

"Sunday Painters," by Adolph Dehn. Currently at the AAA Gallery.

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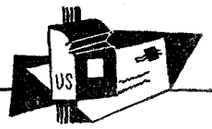

CAN PROGRESSIVES UNITE? SOME ANSWERS

Recent developments in domestic and foreign policy have given new urgency to the discussions among progressives about the problem of unity in their own ranks. In its January 28 issue NM published an article by A. B. Magil, "Progressive Unity or Division?" which focused attention on the rift between Progressive Citizens of America and Americans for Democratic Action and on the queston of cooperation between Communist and non-Communist progressives. We sent this article to a number of well-known progressives and asked them to comment on it or to reply to the following four questions:

1. Do you believe that the political situation in our country requires the broadest unity of all progressives along the lines proposed by PCA?

2. Do you think cooperation on specific issues between PCA and ADA is desirable and necessary?

3. Do you agree with Max Lerner and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in rejecting attempts to lump together Communists and fascists?

4. Do you favor development of a progressive political movement that will be independent of the two major parties and will, when conditions are ripe, launch a new people's party?

We present here a representative selection from the replies received. Most of them were written prior to the proclamation of the Truman doctrine and the launching of the officially sponsored drive to outlaw or curtail the constitutional rights of the Communist Party. It is obvious that some of the replies contain statements with which we do not agree, but we believe the general tenor of all contributes toward that broad unity which is now more essential than ever to defeat the anti-democratic aims of American big business. It should be noted that the descriptive titles under the names of the authors are for identification only; they write as individuals.—THE EDITORS.

John T. McManus

President, New York Newspaper Guild.

THERE is a healthy and growing impatience with those labelling themselves progressive who seek to divide and dismember every new effort at full-blooded, uninhibited, forward-moving political mobilization by the resurrection of ancient and alien political feuds.

Thinking citizens, given unobstructed access to the facts, will be always able to determine any issue on its merits without requiring a quarantine against any contributing point of view.

Obviously, a successful progressive movement can only be that which seeks the broadest possible adherence based on a program upon which there is broad agreement. Broad agreement on program is already a fact. Full, effective mobilization behind that program is palpably not a fact.

We on our side are still arguing over whether or not we shall use the blackball. Meanwhile the political Right, blackballing no possible adherent, feeds on our quarrels, howls for more of the blood we spill.

It is a man's job to construct a unified, progressive movement while factional brawlers disengage the attention of anxious citizens from urgently important objectives.

Big heads must be knocked together!

Who is man enough to do it?

Mr. Wallace?

Mr. Bowles?

Or both!

Joseph Brainin

Editor and writer.

FIRST, unity of all progressives is of course essential to stem the increasing power of imperialist reaction in this country. But I believe that cooperation with the ADA is undesirable and unpractical.

2. Anti-Communist propaganda, in all its political, economic and social ramifications, has as one of its major objectives the intimidation of non-Communist progressive forces. This intimidation is of course directed at those timid souls who, fearful of losing their "social respectability" and economic security, are primarily concerned with escaping the Communist label.

When a non-Communist progressive group submits to this intimidation to the extent of featuring in its platform an anti-Communist plank it disqualifies itself as a progressive group, no matter how progressive the rest of its platform reads. The imperialist politician will not be satisfied with a mere declaration against communism. He will not rest until this so-called progressive group featuring an anti-Communist policy implements its slogan with direct anti-Communist action. In other words, the imperialist reactionary politician will demand—using the constant threat of a Red smear—that the so-called progressive group featuring an anti-Communist policy accept his interpretation of democracy on the foreign and domestic fronts.

It is regrettable that in foregoing the possibility of cooperation with ADA we progressives must resign ourselves to losing from our ranks a number of sincerely progressive ladies and gentlemen who evidently temporarily checked their intelligence before joining the ADA and now find themselves marching, probably reluctantly, under the anti-Communist banner of that organization. As for the leadership of ADA, I frankly suspect it of rather enjoying the role of stooge for imperialist reaction's policy against the Soviet Union.

3. The lumping together of Communists and fascists by so-called progressives is merely another result of successful intimidation by imperialist reaction.

4. A people's party should be established as soon as possible. Conditions may never look ripe, but in reality present conditions require it. The two major political parties are adhering to the same imperialist reactionary foreign policy, and therefore no progressive could honestly vote for either major party. A people's party consisting of a unified anti-fascist progressive labor front would unquestionably—even if not successful at the polls the first time—forge a powerful political weapon for the democratization of America's foreign and domestic policy.

Paul M. Sweezy

Assistant professor of economics, Harvard University.

I AM in favor of the maximum possible progressive unity and would be glad to see full cooperation between PCA and ADA. At the same time, however, I think there is a good deal of self-deception in both organizations. Under present-day conditions progressivism which is not rooted in the labor movement is at best a feeble force. The key problem in the US is therefore the achievement of unity in the labor movement, and I am not clear that national organizations of liberals like PCA and ADA can contribute much of its solution. Labor unity will not be achieved unless and until there is overwhelming pressure from below which, in turn, can be best developed by practical work at the local level. All kinds of progressives have an important part to play in this work, but I wonder whether affiliation with either PCA or ADA can do much to help them at this stage.

In any case, however, the prominence given to the Communist question—especially by the ADA—seems to me to be most unfortunate. Reactionaries harp on the Red issue because they understand, either intuitively or through a study of history, that it is the best way to divide their opponents. It is hard to see why progressives, who are presumably no less anxious to learn the lessons of past experience, should join in

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the same game. I am led to conclude that progressive disunity in this country is in no small measure attributable to historical and theoretical ignorance. There is a tremendous work of enlightenment to be done. Unfortunately, however, what is actually being undertaken in this direction is woefully inadequate. It seems to me that this problem is in urgent need of attention.

Finally, it seems to me that Communists ought to ask themselves very seriously whether they are not in part responsible for the gulf which divides them from certain other sectors of the progressive movement. I would like to see Communists in the US study the history of their movement from 1917 to the present objectively and carefully. It would certainly not give them much cause for complacence. Self-criticism is supposed to be a Communist virtue; one would like to feel sure that it was being continuously and conscientiously practiced.

Bishop Arthur W. Moulton

President, Province of Pacific, Protestant Episcopal Church.

I SYMPATHIZE strongly with the PCA although I have not actually lined up with it yet. It is a movement which is inevitable: it and kindred movements always emerge in what people believe to be national crises. It may be that we are in one now. The reactionaries are growing in numbers and influence, due to what I believe to be an unsound feeling that the country has swung too far to the left during the last score of years. Some reaction is natural: too much is dangerous. The extreme right is just as volcanic as the extreme left.

There is growing up now a political situation which certainly requires the broadest unity of all progressives. (I quote your phrase.) The PCA will have to run the risk that the inclusion of fascists and communists will furnish. Proper leadership I believe can stand it, if it is dogmatic and definite enough. The tendency will be for control and that is bad seed. One might suggest offhand that the fascists and communists would cancel each other but I would almost be afraid that they would cancel the PCA. On the other hand, I cannot see how any new political party can expect to grow if it starts out by building fences around itself. It is a great pity that progressivism should be divided. These good groups develop and then quarrel with one another. Groups which are aiming at the same thing should not waste precious time firing at each other. Our whole history is crowded with good movements which have used up their vitality by inside scraps. If we hold our cooperation to specific issues, the ultimate issue if I may put it that way is not doubtful: the groups will grow farther and farther apart. Of course it *could* bring them together, but does it?

Shall we have a new party that can really stand up to the two major parties? I favor the idea, but I doubt its successful realization. I think a new party of this kind can hardly do more or do better than to become the merciless critic of the Democrats and Republicans and to publish its criticisms fearlessly before the American people. My observation has been that third parties swing elections in the wrong direction (Woodrow Wilson's election was in the right direction) and today in the situation which confronts us it would play into the hands of the reactionaries. If we can keep our balance and control our tempers and not get too excited, if we are willing to bring forth fruit with patience—to quote a superb Parable—I have a strong feeling that modern political and economic philosophy will come out ahead.

By the way, I have been waiting a long time for some Republican to stand up and remark that Theodore Roosevelt started the New Deal. He certainly did, but the Republicans appear to be unwilling to think it out and take some credit. Theodore, however, tried force instead of ideas. His distinguished successor, Franklin, knew how to plumb the depths and touch the sources that make for the abundant life or the threadbare life and the American people must not slow up in following his lead.

Paul J. Kern

New York attorney, ex-chairman, Civil Service Commission.

IT SEEMS to me that the basic point of the article is entirely correct and any liberal organization which spends its major effort fighting other progressive groups is on the wrong track.

Lewis Allan Berne

Vice-President, United Office & Professional Workers of America-CIO.

UNITY of the labor and progressive movement around a fighting program represents the only hope for achieving the broad perspectives held out to the people of our country and the world during the prosecution of the war. Reaction in America presents a challenge of great power and seeks to create an aura of invincibility. While we cannot underestimate this power, liberals and progressives also recognize its Achilles heel which resides in the fact that the program of reaction conflicts with the experiences of the people and must more and more show its true face.

The question of unity between the Progressive Citizens of America and the Americans for Democratic Action must be viewed against these facts. While there exist sharp and important differences in approach and policy, the fact remains that in both groups there are influential and honest progressives. We cannot afford the time necessary for the final resolution of the differences, but must fight to bring about united action on the basis of the minimum program which will defeat the reactionaries and win a people's program. Those in the ADA who claim to see a greater danger represented by the Communists are not only involved in a hopeless contradiction, but their preoccupation with the "Red danger" serves to immobilize the progressive movement, waters down its offensive spirit, and plays right into the hands of the enemy aganst which they claim to be organizing.

Are there still illusions, then, that by making a big fanfare about excluding Communists we weaken the enemy or establish our democratic virginity? Mr. Dubinsky is not a Communist. He has proved that again and again. Big business knows that. But Mr. Dubinsky felt constrained to insert a full-page ad in the press calling for defeat of legislation which would outlaw industry-wide bargaining. He showed how it would hurt the people and his union. It is evidently not enough for Dubinsky to prove he is not a Communist. It is sufficient for big business to understand that his union, all unions, stand in the way of their objectives, and they make no distinction between Dubinsky and his union and all others, including those whom he has Red-baited.

Can anyone doubt that the developments of recent days—the open Red-baiting by the administration as a means of winning support for intervention in Greece and Turkey despite its ominous implications—have been stimulated by the fact that on the one hand the progressive forces are not yet united, and on the other that one section of these forces has capitulated and served notice in advance that it will not be an obstacle to this phase of reaction's program? Lumping the fascists and the Communists as two sides of the totalitarian coin flies in the face of history and the realities. The fact remains that the outstanding exponent of fascism, Hitler Germany, chose to attack the Soviet Union and recognized it as the most unremitting foe of fascism. Regardless of political opinon we must look at the record which shows a consistent policy of resistance to fascism and totalitarianism by the Soviet Union.

The real strength of the American people will not be realized unless and until we reach a unity of action and purpose which cannot be diverted by machinations of our enemies and confusion among the progressives. Recent history has demonstrated that the people need a political arm which will not be dependent upon tortuous political alignments within a Democratic Party of Rankin, Bilbo, Smith, on the one hand, and a Republican party of Taft, Bricker, etc. on the other. A real people's party will be called upon the stage of American history. The imminence of that call will depend on several factors, not the least of which is the unfoldment of a nationwide progressive and labor movement united on its main objectives, inclusive of all groups dedicated to that program—unfrightened by name-calling and the invectives of the enemy, marching relentlessly toward its goals.

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review and comment

KIRCHE, KINDER, KUCHE

History on the analytic couch. The woman question seen from a medieval viewpoint.

By BARBARA GILES

MODERN WOMAN: THE LOST SEX, *by Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia F. Farnham, M.D. Harper.* $3.50.

THIS book, with its intriguing title and jacket illustration of a weeping nude suggestive of a pin-up Niobe, would likely have attracted attention even without the full-page ads in the NY *Sunday Times Book Section.* The dilemmas and conflicts of women under capitalism—regarding themselves, their children and homes, their jobs — grow in the thickening shadow of reaction. Any book that promises comprehension or sympathy will seem worth reading, and this one has been no exception. It is being read and discussed with intensity, especially by members of the sex to whom it is addressed. And so cleverly is it contrived that many may fail to discern, under the authors' ostensible theme, the outlines of the ugliest ideology known to the world. To summarize its argument is not easy, for the authors' own presentation includes every half-fact, ninety-percent fact, and one-percent fact they could wrench from this history books, plus large chunks of false psychiatry. But here in brief is their story:

Once upon a time there was a heroine named Woman. She lived a joyful life minding her own business, which was to spin the family cloth, make the clothes, bake the bread, clean the house and tend her children without interference from any school system. And why was she so joyful? She had Functions; she had Prestige. Best of all, she never had to set foot outside the house, nor did her mind stray therefrom. For her husband worked there too, and so did the kids, though she undoubtedly worked hardest of all. None of them, least of all she, had time for intensive thought, which was in any case a later invention of man to compensate for his distrust of his own phallic power. Into that idyll of harmony and labor came a subversive character named Copernicus with the revelation that the earth was not the center of the universe. At first other men—wisely, as it turned out—refused to believe him, but when finally convinced they were shaken unto despair; if the earth was not first in God's favor, then where were *they?* (The wise and happy women, presumably, gave not a thought to the matter.) Doubting his importance, man became "frightened and predatory." He cast around for symbols of power to replace what he had lost, and hit upon the idea of tools. Virtually all these symbols—pistons, levers, etc.—bore a suspicious resemblance to the male organ, while the containers of power—baskets and boxes—suggested the female. This was not so strange, however, since man especially craved more *phallic* power, and since probably no one in those remote times knew how to make pistons resembling the female organs and baskets resembling the male.

For a while man was satisfied with his silly inventions; but, like an "amiable half-wit," he couldn't resist experimenting further, and the exhilaration of power overcame him. Symbol followed symbol, each more powerful and phallic than the one before—steam engines, locomotives, automobiles, airplanes, bombs, rocket bombs and atom bombs. Even that wasn't enough. To replace the cosmic significance he had lost, man also set up false gods like "reason," "education" and "progress," which he worshipped as images of himself. Things have come to such a pass that Mr. Lundberg and Dr. Farnham, who prescribe virginity and "delicious dread" as the proper state for a bride on her wedding night, themselves stand like two shuddering virgins before the modern world of man the beast and rapist. "What," they ask, "was the atomic bomb explosion but the greatest orgasm the world has ever seen?" And they urge us to "think of that the next time you see a rocket atomic bomb whizzing overhead." I can hardly wait.

But don't despair, gentlemen. We now come to Lundberg's and Farnham's description of women. Women are half-wits too, but not so amiable. Indeed some of them, like the early feminists, were sadists and "harpies." When man first left home for the factory, woman was still wise enough to stay put, but inevitably she too succumbed to the phony but overwhelming concepts of power embodied in machines and reason and progress. She began to emulate man. And when she asked for a few male privileges for herself—to vote, hold property, go to college—and the men said no, she became a seething mass of envy and hostility, hostility to the male. Her capacity for love was so weakened that she found no real satisfaction in sex, she hated her home and regarded children as a malicious drag on her male-imitative "ego drives." Worst yet, while she was busy copying the "overrated" man he played her the dirtiest trick of all: "Mephistopheles-wise," he rushed into the home and, howling with glee, made off with her real privileges—he cooked the soup himself and sold it back to her in cans, snatched away the laundry and washed it outside the house, even baked her bread in factories. Now where are her Functions? Where is her Prestige? Gone. And the wretched female, more

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wretched than ever, has set in motion great waves of hostility that not only wreck the home but inundate the earth in the form of war, revolution, Nazism and fascism, youth revolts, atheism and free love—all of them, no matter what their purpose (their "rationalization") caused by the "epidemic of neuroses" resulting from woman's envy of and hostility to man.

If you think the foregoing is a burlesque, you should take a look at the book itself. Yet it is not altogether a work that can be derided and forgotten. No merchants with meager wares ever worked harder than these two authors over their display of empty boxes and colored bottles of "historical research" and "feminine psychology." In addition they have utilized two highly tricky lighting effects. One is to show up undeniable evils of capitalism, blaming them, however, on "the machine" instead of on capitalism's perversion of the machine from an instrument of freedom to a means of oppression. The other, more dangerous because there is less general knowledge of the subject, is a shameless misuse of the science of psychiatry to attack science itself, revile progress, and reason, and assault revolution.

Posing as Freudians while admittedly disagreeing with Freud on some points, the authors select, emphasize and distort the Freudian material to suit their purpose. The result is a number of incidental errors and one or two very large ones. Among the latter is the belief that unconscious motives are more real and important than conscious use-motives. Thus to the authors the airplane is "really" a phallic symbol, only secondarily a means of transportation. An automobile ride is simply a substitute for the rocking motion of the cradle and if people were sensible they would buy a rocking-chair instead of a car. With such a premise, it is easy to sneer at all mechanical progress as an evasion of "reality."

The second basic error is in their analysis of the family situation. Not only is modern woman presented as more neurotic than man; she is made wholly responsible for her children's neuroses through the impact of her ingrained envy of the male on her daughters and sons. This too is a convenient theory but far from scientific. For example, if a woman's envy of the male causes an increase of castration-anxiety in her son or husband, it is equally true that a man's castration-anxiety can manifest itself in a neurotic contempt for women (male chauvinism) which reacts upon his wife and daughters. Lundberg and Farnham try to get around such questions by simply denying that the modern father has any psychic connection with his children; in this respect, they claim, the kids see him *only* as he is represented to them by the mother! After thus banishing man from family life, the authors manage in at least two places to banish woman from man's sexual life. Ruling out all premarital and extra-marital relations for women, they grant the former to men as a physical necessity and as a means of perfecting the groom's technique for his bride. But just who among the pure sex are these boys supposed to use for their target practice? We trust that Mr. Lundberg and Dr. Farnham are not in favor of prostitution. Again, the authors assert that "independent woman" is a contradiction in terms because every woman is dependent upon a man for her sexual gratification. Are we supposed to assume that man is not reciprocally dependent upon woman? How otherwise can there be such a thing as an independent man?

WHEN the authors put history upon the analytic couch, the results are equally weird. Once more a primary *unconscious* motive is made the basis for all mass behavior since the Industrial Revolution. But there is nothing unconscious about Farnham and Lundberg's own primary goal, which is to represent any revolutionary or progressive movement as neurotic. To do this they are forced to gamble recklessly on the reader's ignorance, as in their assertion that Karl Marx—actually as devoted a husband and father as one could wish—became the leader of the revolution largely because he excelled everyone else in natural hostility. As for present-day democratic movements, the authors have found that there aren't any—there are only warring, hating "pressure groups" avid for power. Medieval society was more democratic because—listen carefully! —both serf and noble had "universal value": they were "equal in the sight of God." It has been some time since anyone outside of reactionary clerics has made such a fascist-like and explicit proffer of pie-in-the-sky.

Perhaps the blatancy of these two writers will somewhat discomfit their allies. There has been a good deal of hinting and suggesting recently that science and progress have done us no

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good and maybe we had better forget the whole business and go back to sole reliance on God. Dr. Farnham and Mr. Lundberg are too impatient to nudge and hint. They want to start the backward march now—before the forward one gets out of control—and they have their program ready. The first item is to convince one-half the population that only the salvation of their femininity can prevent universal chaos and that the feminity itself can survive only by being locked up at home. Once the errant female is safely captured and confined, with the male more or less kept beside her as provider and patriarch—once they both learn that reason and democracy threaten their cozy retreat—the journey back should not be impossible.

But what is this priceless feminity for which we are asked to descend into serfdom and superstition? Lundberg and Farnham do not define it too clearly. On one hand it is the mainstream of a woman's happiness and the strength of the universe; on the other, it is the most piteously fragile little possession ever granted to mankind. Mere desire for a college education will kill it; a breath of intellect will stunt its growth. Obviously a woman must not only lock herself in, she must lock the "man's world" out. And then what does she do? She bears and raises children. If for some reason that is impossible she is permitted a "nurturing" activity, such as catering, teaching, social welfare or interior decoration. Any other ambition, interest, or thought is a masculine ego-drive that blights femininity, and when femininity is blighted the woman turns into a tortured neurotic who ruins her children.

It is true, of course, that capitalism has imposed conflicting roles and wishes upon women—not because woman has a nature which doesn't permit her to function as a wife and mother *and* a full member of society but because capitalism doesn't permit it. And capitalism forbids it not through "phallic" mechanisms but simply by refusing to provide women with the economic conditions that would enable her to function happily in both roles. There is where the conflicts arise. All this exaltation of woman's special nature is an evasion of the real problem, which is to change society, not the woman. Lundberg and Farnham's idea of "changing" it to a replica of the Middle Ages is evasion carried to the point of a rout.

MR. LUNDBERG's philosophy is not surprising. After a promising sortie as a writer against reaction (*America's Sixty Families* and *Imperial Hearst*) he deserted to the side of reaction and has for the past several years been associated with Trotskyist and Social-Democratic groups of various shadings. Dr. Farnham, who is less well known, is described on the jacket as a psychiatrist with considerable experience. One can only wonder how a person whose profession it is to deal intimately with human beings can form such a distorted view of mankind. It is quite clearly her opinion—as well as Mr. Lundberg's—that every step man has taken to liberate himself from an irrational dependence on "faith," each move he has made away from the snug childhood shelter of home ("the womb," as the authors significantly describe it), and every advance he has accomplished toward collective living, is a violation of his nature, which can flourish only in ignorance and isolation. Does it never cross her mind that if the Copernican discovery was really such a traumatic experience for man it is strange that he should have embraced it so determinedly against the fierce opposition of his clerical mentors? Or that his long struggle to master the forces of nature, and to build a society in which that mastery will operate for the freedom of all men, is the assertion of a life-instinct too strong to be turned back by seductive appeals that we will be "happier" in surrender?

In this struggle, capitalism is a *transition* stage, not a dead-end. On one-sixth of the earth the transition has been accomplished, and all Lundberg-Farnham's dusty cliches about "dictatorship" and "the factory system" cannot hide the fact that family life in the USSR is healthier than in any other place on the globe. There society as well as the home protects the child, at the same time establishing a closer relationship between the home itself and the society of which it is a part, so that children grow up as secure members of both family and community. Lundberg and Farnham would return us instead to the "self-contained," isolated home which, with its intensely incestuous atmosphere, bred a multitude of neuroses. That is what they call a "cultural revolution"—far superior, they state, to the dreadful "social revolution" that has occurred in Russia. The truth is that concern for modern woman is simply a facade

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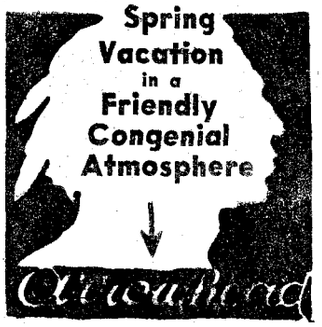

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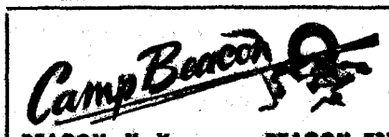

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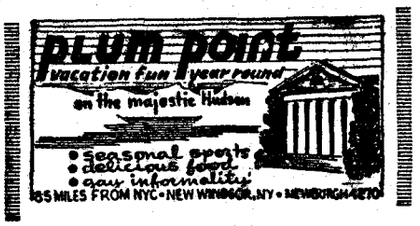
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for the authors' frightened hostility to everything that has occurred in Russia since 1917—and will occur elsewhere in the future. Their misrepresentation of psychiatry is a service to a political movement in which back-to-the-womb slogans are taken seriously. Their absurdity doesn't make them any less dangerous.

"Not For Man Apart"

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF DYLAN THOMAS, *with an introduction by John L. Sweeney. New Directions.* $3.50.

In the Thirties when Auden, Spender, C. Day Lewis and MacNeice were professing Marxist beliefs and looking toward the near future when a poet would arise "producing work of which communism is the foundation, not the decoration and facade," Dylan Thomas, then only in his twenties, though disavowing any particular political association, stated, "I take my stand with any revolutionary body that asserts it to be the right of all men to share, equally and impartially, every production of man from man and from the sources of production at man's disposal, for only through such an essentially revolutionary body can there be any possibility of a communal art." Today the former heralds of a solid Communist poetry either speak softly and privately or mumble-jumble vacuous words arguing their newly-assumed religious principles. Dylan Thomas, however, still fervently asserts his Apocalypticism, his belief in the freedom and responsibility of man, that "impulse toward completeness," or, as Herbert Read has said, the effort "to realize some of the dimensions and characteristics of man's submerged being."

Though hardly revolutionary in their thinking, the Apocalyptic poets do not attract defeatists and reactionaries. Henry Treece, Vernon Watkins, J. F. Hendry and Nicholas Moore, to name some of the chief exponents of this school, are not the kind of poets who assume the intellectual fashions of the day. Their belief in the self stems from a genuine belief in man—and a genuine belief in man never leads to reaction. That is why Dylan Thomas, the best of all these poets, is important: he genuinely loves man.

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages
Not for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages . . .

And again, "My one and noble heart has witnesses, in all love's countries. . . ." Dylan Thomas' "I" is the Whitman "I," the "I" that embodies everyone, for as Whitman wrote, "I celebrate myself" because "every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." Whitman himself could have written, "I, in my intricate image. . . ."

In Dylan Thomas this interest in what he calls "self-discovery" or the regeneration of the individual is tantamount to an interest in the reconstruction of society. The very vitality of his verse confirms this. In his "Ceremony After a Fire Raid" it is not the poet brooding over the child who has burned to death, but it is "myselves the grievers. . . ." Is it not the people's inevitable progress that Dylan Thomas is referring to when he writes:

In the final direction of the elementary town
I advance for as long as forever is.

To the ivory tower imitator of Dylan Thomas, the comparison of the modern poet with Whitman will seem absurd, an insensitive odious analogy. But Whitman's exultation of self was an earlier Apocalypse. This New Apocalypse is merely man's identity with man clothed in twentieth-century dress.

It is certainly true that the tradition of Thomas is that of the metaphysicians. Donne, Herbert and Vaughan (who, like Thomas, were of Welsh extraction) are his prototypes. And the modern poet's complicated use of the Bible, fertility rites, Welsh folklore, and Freud are new. But who is it can deny that the same preoccupation with birth, with the green spring and resurrection that is in Dylan Thomas' new poetry is not similar to Whitman's theme of resurrection in "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"?

The difference between the two poets, however, is important. It is the difference between a consciously democratic poet and an intuitively (hit-and-miss) democratic poet. To Whitman, birth and resurrection were manifestations of reality: "I accept Reality and dare not question it, Materialism first and last imbuing." To Whitman, too, the ego was not a mystic union between man and men but "the word

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En-Masse." Whitman could never be guilty of the kind of sterile self-examination all too frequent in Thomas' verse. Thomas' private meanderings have led him into the following morass, for example:

Intricate manhood of ending, the invalid rivals,
Voyaging clockwise off the symboled harbor,
Finding the water final,
On the consumptives' terrace taking their two farewells,
Sail on the level, the departing adventure,
To the sea-blown arrival.

The very method of self-discovery inevitably leads into a decadent Bohemia. Were Thomas less intuitively and more consciously aware of the masses, his own development would be firmer and less dependent on the moment's fervent union with humanity.

One of the most interesting aspects of Thomas' work is his craftsmanship. His brilliant use of alliteration, assonance, internal and end rhyme produces a strong, elemental musical effect, a beautiful modern cacophony. For example,

May his hunger go howling on bare white bones
or,
She makes for me a nettle's innocence
And a silk pigeon's guilt in her proud absence
or,
Now make the world of me as I have made
A merry manshape of your walking circle.
or, finally,
The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; . . .

Thomas can also write in the traditional lyrical fashion as in his poems entitled "Especially When the October Wind," or "Poem in October" or "Fern Hill." And like Gerard Manley Hopkins, his puns have a kind of visual-aural effect that shows a master's hand: for example, "He had by heart the Christ-cross-row of death."

Despite the remarkable poetry this Welsh poet has written, his work reveals certain striking and dangerous defects, as has already been indicated. Discarding theoretically the surrealistic technique of mere association without control, he still evidences a great dependence on the unconscious without any apparent application of intellectual and critical control. It is this precariousness of form and image that makes for some of the dangerous obscurity and at times weak music. However, the energy of the poet seems so fundamental that there is hardly a poem without some redeeming lines. Yet there is no doubt that some of his wild imagery is just as flat as the worst of the surrealists. In his stories, this practice is particularly abhorrent. Because of an emphasis on the dream, the fantasy of the unconscious, some of the stories read like a patient's report to an analyst. And even when his art in his stories becomes apparent, it is a sick, decadent art. As Marlais the poet, a character in "The Orchards," cries, "Image, all image. . . . The word is too much with us, and the dead word." Undoubtedly Thomas himself is aware of the dangers of his method. The prose selections from his autobiography *Portrait of the Artist As a Young Dog* in the present volume, however, because of their combination of a grim realism with introspection, avoid this decadence.

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sights and sounds

HOLLYWOOD EXAMINES POLITICS

The pure citizen always saves the honor of our major parties. Notes on other sundry opi.

By JOSEPH FOSTER

IN CONTRAST to the customary Hollywood leavings such as *Nora Prentiss, It Happened in Brooklyn, The Two Mrs. Carrolls, Johnny O'Clock, That's My Man* and *The Late George Apley*, two recent films, *The Farmer's Daughter* (Rivoli) and *Boomerang* (neighborhood circuits) are teched with genius. Not that these two films reached the level I would settle for, but they offer a good-sized crumb, and a good-sized crumb is at least the equal of the rations doled out to wreckees after twenty days in an open boat. The stories of both indicate that all is not 100 percent pure in American life. Both explore casually and superficially the character of our political machines, but the fact that they examine them at all is a great triumph for Hollywood realism.

The evils of American political life are always with us. They are as commonplace as ham and eggs for breakfast, and as deeply rooted a social habit. For a curative these two films—and practically all Hollywood films—offer the undreamed-of accidental circumstance, the thousand-to-one shot. These accidental solutions are as handy as the machine-borne gods of the Greeks. Thus everything always comes out right and worrying is needless self-abuse.

In all fairness to *Boomerang*, let it be said that it is based on an incident that actually occurred in Connecticut. How close the film sticks to actuality I do not know. It is the story of a friendless, unemployed GI who is caught up in a web of circumstantial evidence and condemned to die for the murder of a churchman. The entire state clamors for his blood. The reigning political party, a "reform" party, must, in order to stay in office, come through with an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Innocent or guilty, the GI is a satisfactory sacrificial lamb to the party heads and their police commissioner. Thus justice is compounded out of social ambitions, political skullduggery and greed. The boy is on his way to the chair for sure, except for the conscience of the state's attorney who is not quite satisfied with the evidence. His desire to reexamine the case throws the political machine into an uproar. Each man sees his future ruined. One backer, too deeply involved to face possible defeat, commits suicide. The boy, of course, is ultimately freed, and the party, left without a suspect, faces an outraged electorate at the coming elections. Under normal circumstances the GI would have been a dead duck, but in our films the abnormal is always the usual.

The prosecuting attorney in the actual case is said to have been Homer Cummings, later Attorney General under Roosevelt. The film, directed by Elia Kazan and produced by Louis de Rochemont, is a well-made, well-directed job. Like all De Rochemont's productions, the movie is made in the documentary style that he developed for *The March of Time*, adding detail upon swift detail to a fast-moving, well-paced exposition.

The Farmer's Daughter, a smooth and ingratiating souffle, is even more dependent, if possible, upon the wildly romantic remedy as a solution to its problems. The farmer's daughter of the title is no butt of smoking car humor. Looking the *Travelling Salesmen's Bedtime Companion* straight in the eye, she lays about her with a purity that confounds her most brilliant enemies. One of the scoundrels of the film tries to treat her as tradition requires, but he is lucky to escape with his life. In need of money to pay for her studies at a nursing school, she takes a job as maid in the home of the state's political leaders, titular heads of the party in power. Naturally her sound democratic attitudes work as enzymes upon the political thinking of her bosses, the widow of a noble Senator and her Congressman son. The film scatters about some nice sentiments on the poll tax, the KKK organizations like the Columbians, the rights of minorities, but these observations are merely raisins of reality in a pudding of fantasy. The opposition party, struck by the girl's integrity, decides to run her for Congress in opposition to her employers' candidate. Under the circumstances, she quits her job.

When, a mere twenty-four hours before the election, her ex-employers discover that *their* candidate is a neo-fascist with an organization of his own based on white, anti-foreign Americanism, they drop him pronto and throw their support to her. Just like that. Thus are the two major parties able to meet any threat to our democratic institutions, thus do they go on record against reactionary outfits, and thus, both in *Boomerang* and in *Farmer's Daughter*, are they able, despite all the prattle about "practical politics," to sacrifice party and expediency for principle. Escapism has never been more honorably regarded.

Natchurly the daughter is elected, and it is but a small hop and a skip from campaign headquarters to the arms of her former boss. And now, arm in arm, he a Congressman, she a Congresswoman, they slowly ascend the steps of the House of Representatives to guard your interests and mine. The film shrewdly ends before she gets inside the door.

A FILM that will more than hold its own against all comers as the worst film of the year is Warners' *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, at the Strand. If it weren't that the film is invested with an air of dogged earnestness, one could easily be misled into thinking it a tongue-in-cheek-takeoff on the endless spate of mad-killer movies. Bogart as a homicidal painter striving for genius grimaces, scowls and leers in a way that should send Karloff scurrying back to school. Then

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there is the unique method that the film recommends for getting rid of models. First you marry one, thus saving model fees. Then after you get bored with her, you get rid of her with slow poison while breaking in a new one. When the new one is ready for full-time work, the old wife is just about done. Of course you have to be somewhat mad to prefer this method, a fact which Bogart indicates by touching his forehead from time to time as the music plays significantly. Then there is the incomparable dialogue of which I offer a couple of samples. Says the second Mrs. Carroll to our artist as he is destroying a work-in-progress, "You can't always paint masterpieces." "You can always try," is the modest rejoinder. And later, after the second Mrs. C. has been poisoned, frightened out of her wits and almost garrotted by her husband, an adoring boy friend leans over her and in a voice of tremulous understatement asks, "Are you all right?"

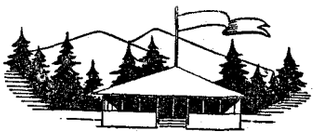
On second thought, I am persuaded that the source of all Bogart's difficulty is his daughter, a precocious, repulsive brat who disdains to play with children because they are too childish. With such an offspring what choice has a parent but to paint masterpieces —and go to any lengths to achieve them?

As any psychiatrist will tell you, a father has his own self-respect to think of.

"A CAGE OF NIGHTINGALES," one of the newest French language films to reach us (at the Fifth Ave. and 55th St. Playhouses), is an enjoyable film somewhat marred by a slick, schematic approach. The cage in question is a reform school in France suffering from the abuses that seem universal for all reform schools, no matter what country. The kids are unconvincing as toughs, but the film handles them in a natural and normal way that is a pleasure to watch, particularly after a bout with the artificial Hollywood treatment. Noel-Noel, the French film comic, is here a serious teacher who opposes the unfeeling headmaster in an attempt to introduce humane techniques. He wins the confidence of the boys through music. In short time they are singing difficult polyphonic compositions with the ease of trained veterans, which is what they really are. I suspect that the entire plot was cooked up in order to get a film made of these kids, since they are the members of the "Little Singers of the Wooden Cross," a choir that, I am given to understand, enjoys a fine reputation in France. The reform business thus becomes secondary to the singing, a weakness that you will finally forgive since the singing is so delightful. The pure soprano voices of the young give the music a freshness and innocence that goes quite beyond the written music.

LAUNDER and Gilliat, two of Britain's most prolific and astute film writers, turn up with a disappointing film in the *Adventuress* (Victoria). The story idea is not a bad one, constructed as it is around an Irish girl who, brought up on Irish history, is taught an unswerving hatred for the British and their evil rule. She gets entangled with the Nazis under the mistaken notion that any blow at the British constitutes the highest form of Irish patriotism. Her adventures among the various characters is worked out along the well-established Hitchcock lines—the chase within the chase—but where Hitchcock uses this technique to create suspense, excitement and surprise, the method here is mere formula. A successful use of the Hitchcock method requires shrewd timing, careful selection of incident and the ability to keep the audience guessing at all times. While the characters in *Adventuress* are well drawn and well able to sustain the incident created out of their idiosyncrasies, the selection of incident that makes for suspense is poor.

There is one scene which is worthy of any director's effort. A group of Irishmen get up a funeral cortege to run black market stuff between Eire and Northern Ireland. They almost get across the border when the ringing of an alarm clock, hidden in the coffin, alerts the guards. There follows a literal Donnybrook between the toughs riding the grief-wagons and the guards. Long-focus camera-work and action bring out the macabre humor of the scene with great skill. Deborah Kerr, the Scottish lass who will soon be working in Hollywood, good cess to her, is a natural as the charming and militant innocent among the Nazi wolves. The many bit players contribute a salty, authentic feeling of Ireland, England and the Isle of Man, over which places the plot ranges.



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IN THE American Repertory Theater's production of *Alice In Wonderland* the settings, costumes and masks have real importance. There was a remarkable master designer to follow, John Tenniel, who as illustrator has an association with Lewis Carroll almost as inseparable as that of Gilbert with Sullivan. Robert Rowe Paddock's sets, Noel Taylor's costumes and Remo Buffano's masks and marionettes are effective because of their fidelity to Tenniel. The adaptation by Eva Le Galliene and Florida Freibus is done as a succession of twenty-three scenes. No character, with the exception of Alice herself, played with delightful and convincing girlishness by Bambi Linn, is on the stage long enough to make the sets secondary. The greatest applause usually came when a striking new set rolled into place.

That is the chief drawback in a production outstanding for its imagination and skill. The constant scene-changing, though managed with speed and deftness, broke the dream-like continuity that is one of the miracles of the book.

But if they broke its continuity the scenes also realized much of its imaginative richness. And it was a sheer delight to hear, done in character, some of the most wonderful lines in English literature.

Alice In Wonderland stands out as one of the American Repertory Theater's most successful productions and one of the most distinguished of the current season.

TRYING desperately to be funny about college life, *Barefoot Boy With Cheek* makes use of all the corn stored in the bin. Its athlete is a moron, its scholar a drip, its campus politicians grafters, its radical a ranter, and so on and on. It sometimes mixes itself up, as when the office of the college literary magazine becomes simultaneously an Ivory Tower and a Red Cell.

As it has no feeling about any of these things beyond their use as gags, it is not clear what the show is driving at. The score has no tunes that linger and the dancers have been trained to satisfy customers who have been told to look for "zip" and "youth" at an Abbott musical.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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